

IN AND OUT OF LONDON



OR THE
HALF-HOLIDAYS
OF A TOWN CLERK





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Half-Holidays of a Town Clerk.

BY

W. J. LOFTIE, B.A., F.S.A.,

Assistant Minister, Chapel Royal, Savoy; Author of "A Century of Bibles," "The Latin Year," &c. &c.

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SEVERAL of these essays have, in substance at least, been printed before. I have to thank the Editor of the *Guardian* for kindly allowing me to use those contributed to his journal. The second essay and that on St. Helen's appeared in the late *People's Magazine*, and the St. Olave's in *Long Ago*,—another magazine which must be numbered with things of the past: I have to thank Mr. John Piggott, F.S.A., for leave to use it. And I have also to thank the proprietors of *Cassell's Magazine* for leave to use an article on Tyburn, which, in part at least, is incorporated with "London a Century Ago." The bulk of this essay, however, formed a lecture delivered five years ago for the benefit of a South London church building fund, and has not been printed before. The articles on London Geography, Northumberland House, and Berkhamsted are new, and that on "Dr. Fuller and the Savoy," although a considerable part of it was used in a recent sermon at the Chapel Royal, is also now in print for the first time.

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INTRODUCTION.

LONDON has become more than a city : it is a country, a kingdom in itself. With a population already greater than that of Holland or Portugal, almost as great as that of Sweden and Norway together, it increases every day. It spreads north, south, east and west, creeping onward like the tide of the sea, slowly but surely, year by year, and obliterates, as it goes, all the original features of the country. The green fields and orchards are first swallowed up. Next, the old houses and all historical associations. Lastly, the face of the ground is so covered over with brick and mortar, that the geographical landmarks—hill and dale, brook and marsh—are wiped out, and can never reappear. Who can show us the fen in Finsbury, or the islet at Hay Hill? Not only are they gone, but they will never come back. Supposing even that London became a deso-

late plain, these natural features would not be restored. The thought gives something of a melancholy interest to the subjects of which I have endeavoured to treat in this volume; and there is melancholy enough without it. To the clergyman there is, in the every-day aspect of London, a sadness which, when he goes into the streets and lanes where his work lies, is redoubled in intensity. To influence London is to influence the world; but to grapple successfully with the terrible problems everywhere presented by London life, is at best a hopeless task. The faithful minister may do something, but it is not much; and moments of hopelessness and discouragement come upon him, the harder he works and the more he accomplishes.

Hard work is much alleviated by the possession and cultivation of a taste. We have scarcely yet sufficiently calculated on the power of the lighter arts and sciences in the education of the young. But the man whose life is passed in labour, whether manual or intellectual, has within him the possibility of great happiness, and the certainty of relaxation without vice, if he early take up, as the amusement of his leisure, art, archæology, zoology, or some other scientific or æsthetic pursuit.

London is full of interest; and the country within half a day's journey of London is the most

interesting part of England. The man who knows something of the history of Kent, Surrey, and Hertfordshire, knows something tangible of the history of his country. He can connect events with places; and the places are often beautiful, while the events are often the greatest in our history. And the working men of London—be they clerks priestly or lay, be they merchants or mechanics—can find, within the limits of a Saturday afternoon's excursion, scenes and places which a tour on the Continent will not exceed, for the Englishman, either in interest or beauty.

I have endeavoured, in these pages, to describe a few of the places which may be thus visited. Some of them are in town, some in the country, but all are within easy reach. And many places remain of which, though they are within the limit of an afternoon, I have said nothing. Such are Lambeth and the Tower, Westminster and St. Paul's, and many others within the town; while, a short way out, Windsor and Eltham, King's Langley and Chertsey, Hatfield, and a hundred more would have been accessible. But I am not writing a guide-book, and have selected my subjects rather on the principle that no place near London is so uninteresting that something may not be found in its history, or its situation, or its buildings, worth thinking over. Among the localities less often visited, I might have

mentioned Dunstable, with its priory ; or Burnham, with its abbey and its beeches ; or Cobham, with its hospital and its brasses ; or Stoke d'Abernon, where a visitor will find scenery and antiquity combined in such equal proportions, that probably no other spot within a short distance from London will better repay him. Richmond and Hampton Court, too, are full of historical associations. Greenwich and Tilbury to the east, Brentford and Harmondsworth to the west, Harrow and Pinner to the north, all afford material for pleasant half-days' excursions, and might have been included in my book.

And without wandering so far afield, the London archæologist has numberless objects, besides those I have described, worthy of notice close at hand. The topography of Clerkenwell, with the monastery of the Knights of St. John, still offers points but half explored. The gate is only one, and that the latest in date, of the buildings which remain. The crypt is not so easily seen, but it will reward a visitor. Then St. Bartholomew's Priory, with its noble church and cloisters, which may still be traced ; or Austin Friars, one of the few relics of the Pointed style spared by the fire ; or Bermondsey Abbey, of which something, if very little, remains ; or St. Giles's, Cripplegate, with its neighbour, Syon College ; or St. Saviour's, Southwark ; all may be

easily visited and are worth visiting. I might suggest to anyone ambitious to do good work, a collection of the quaint epitaphs of the seventeenth and previous centuries which may yet be found in London churches; or, what would be better still, a careful study of the churches older than the fire, of which so few are left to us. Such a pilgrimage might begin within the Tower, at St. Peter ad Vincula, and might include All Hallows, Barking; its neighbour, St. Olave's, Hart Street, of which I have said something; St. Andrew, Undershaft; St. Etheldreda's and St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, of which I have endeavoured to give a short account; the two or three old churches mentioned above; and further west, the Temple; the Savoy, from whose curious history I have taken one chapter; and above all, Westminster. These ancient Gothic buildings of London would form the subject of an interesting volume.

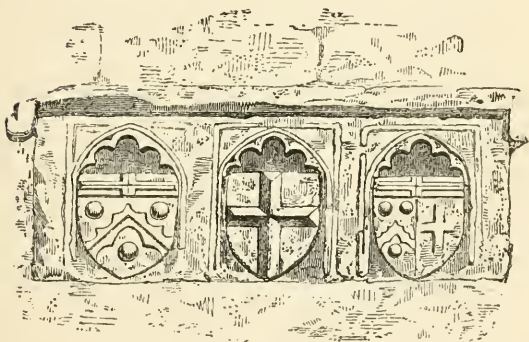
If any of my readers take up such a task, let me beg of them to remember, in their investigation, the great importance of exactness in minute details; and of constant reference to, and acknowledgment of, authorities. Half the collections of epitaphs, for example, are of no historical or antiquarian value whatever, because chapter and verse, place and date, are not given. The young archæologist should accustom himself never, if he can help it, to take

anything at second-hand; but at the same time, never to neglect any means of adding to his information, however humble it may at first appear.

In the following chapters I have endeavoured to give, first, a picture of the natural features of the district on which London has been built; next, one of London as it was in the early years of the fifteenth century—say in the reign of Henry V.; then a brief sketch of what it was only a hundred years ago. These chapters may be taken together in support of a proposition I think it well worth while to uphold, namely, that our progress has been greater in the last hundred years than in many ages before them. Our progress has not always been made in times of perfect peace; but war has invariably tended to national declension in art, in science, in social improvement, and above all in true religion.

The chapters on Old London generally are followed by three sketches of ancient churches, and one of an old river-side palace,—St. Olave's, Hart Street; St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; the Chapel Royal, Savoy; and Northumberland House, Charing Cross. In the cases of the first and third of these, I have connected with them the name of a prominent character of the seventeenth century.


I next take two ancient suburban residences, one ecclesiastical and the other civil; and lastly I trace some more extended wanderings, one in Kent, one in Essex, one in Herts, and one in Surrey; ending with a notice of St. Albans Abbey, which recent events have brought into such prominence.



ARMS ON ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL



LONDON GEOGRAPHY.

HE natural features of the eastern parts of Middlesex are covered by an impenetrable veil. Rivers and ravines are masked, hills are levelled, marshes are hidden. A flood of brick fills up the hollows. The brooks run far underground. The flats are elevated, and the heights depressed. The tide of buildings surges on, swallowing up in its course fields and gardens, parks and woods; uprooting trees, blasting flowers; shutting out even the air and the winds of heaven. There is something appalling in the resistless growth of London. Middlesex is nearly eaten up. Surrey and Kent and Essex have been largely contaminated. It spreads like moths fretting a garment. The old form of the country, as it lay bare to the sky, is wholly lost. It is overwhelmed and obliterated. Even when the houses fall and London becomes ruinous heaps, the old geography will not be restored. The rivers will never flow again. The valleys and the hills will alike have disappeared, and men shall some day talk of the plains of London as we talk of the plains of Babylon. If we could look on the land

we live in as it was before our city was made, we should not know it. We may still identify the seven hills of Rome, but who will find for us the seven streams which traverse London? We can neither find the Langbourne on the east nor the Kilbourne on the west. Who can define the extent and the boundaries of the fields of St. Martin and St. Giles, or tell us where the mount stood in Mount Street, or the conduit in Conduit Street? We have all a vague idea that there is a stream running under Buckingham Palace, to account for the fog which never rises from off those dreary gardens. We are in the habit of taking strangers to Panyer Alley, as to the "highest ground in the City," and we do not yet forget the steep ascent of Holborn Hill. But our information seldom extends much further. We are unacquainted with the soil in our own street. We have no notion how many feet it is above or below the level of the Thames. We have never remarked whether Park Lane slopes to the north or to the south. We have not the slightest idea over what river Battle Bridge was built, nor why we should have to go down steps from Threadneedle Street to Broad Street. All these things depend more or less directly on the physical geography of the region which we have covered over and disguised with pavements and rows of houses.

The London district, at least the more thickly inhabited portion of it, consists of a series of low hills rising from the sloping bank of the Thames.

These hills are divided from one another by brooks or bournes of varying importance, which flow into the river between Milbank and the Tower. The line of hills is not uniformly parallel with the river's edge, as it stands east and west, while the Thames, which flows from west to east when it passes London, flows from south to north when it passes Westminster. There is thus a long tract of level ground south of Notting Hill and west of the river Thames, where the elevation is very slight, and where in places there is even a depression. On this tract an enormous population is now gathered. The villages of Kensington and Brompton were formerly separated from the water's edge by an unwholesome morass, but even this has been built upon, and Pimlico, which contains some of the worst, contains also some of the best, streets in London. We are surprised to notice the great differences of level and also of soil which occur. While north of the Park, in places, the ground rises to nearly a hundred feet above the sea, at Milbank it only stands twelve feet above the river. The highest ground in the City is in Cannon Street, where it reaches sixty feet, and not in Newgate Street, where it is only fifty-eight; for the old rhyme in Panyer Alley is untrue, like so many other things we have believed in from our youth up. The slope falls rapidly towards the east. Stepney is only thirty-five feet above the river, and a short distance beyond we are again at the level of Brompton. But if we look further into the matter

we find that the slope from the Thames and its adjacent morass is not uniform, that it is broken into a number of different eminences, and that each ridge is separated from the next by a running stream. If we could divest Oxford Street, for instance, of its houses, we might see that the whole line of thoroughfare from Newgate to Notting Hill goes up and down hill alternately not less than three times. Instead of a long piece of almost level road, bordered on either side by houses, we should see a steep hill when we had crossed the Fleet, round which the river would run on the north and east, and arriving at the summit should find ourselves on a ridge elevated perhaps as much as eighty feet above the Thames, towards which, on the left, there would be a continuous slope, while on the right a valley of slight depth, but considerable steepness, would mark the north-westward winding of the Fleet. This valley, of which the head would be at Euston Square, would correspond with a similar depression on the west of a large tract of the most dense clay known to geologists. This tract is now the Regent's Park, and from it the principal streams of which we speak take their source. The Fleet and the Old Bourne on the east, the Marybourne on the south, the Tybourne on the west, all either flow directly from it, or are largely fed by the waters gathered in its tenacious grasp. We wonder to find the Zoological Gardens damp even on a fine day, and cold on a warm day, but a

more unfortunate situation in which to place an acclimatising establishment could hardly have been found elsewhere in Middlesex. What suits flowers and trees does not suit Bengal tigers and "exotic" birds.

The ridge which begins at Holborn reaches its highest point near the Regent's Circus. Thence to Bird Street we find a slope which, if we could strip off the granite and bricks, would be seen to be part of a long ravine extending from the Church of St. Mary "lebone," southward to Westminster, the little brook which marks its course being still acknowledged in the right name of the parish, and in that of Brook Street and of Engine Street, Piccadilly, where probably a waterwheel or "engine" was turned by the stream. It is not very easy to trace the depression caused by the bourne. The windings of Marylebone Lane perhaps represent the earlier windings of the stream along whose banks it ran. At Stratford Place, a few centuries ago, there was a conduit connected with the stream, and standing on its left bank, and this is still the boundary between the territories of the Corporation and the Duke of Westminster. The brook turns to the left on crossing Oxford Street; then, winding round the base of a mount, and feeding another conduit, it turns almost at right angles past Hay Hill, and thence under Lansdowne House by Engine Street into the Green Park, across which its path is marked, especially at

sunset, by a line of mist. Emerging very near, if not actually under the spot on which Buckingham Palace stands, it turns again to the right, and finally falls into the Thames at Westminster, forming in the last few hundred yards the delta of Thorney. In all probability this brook was the original Tyburn: and the place of Mortimer's execution in 1330 cannot have been far distant from Stratford Place. So lonely was the neighbourhood, that St. Mary's Church having been repeatedly robbed, Bishop Braybrook removed it from the foot of Marylebone Lane to the High Street early in the fifteenth century, though, with characteristic immobility, the vestry remained, where it still stands, close to the original site. From this point again there is a considerable ascent, the highest ridge being just opposite the Marble Arch; and here the traditional Tyburn, the bourne in particular from which so many travellers never returned, has usually been placed. The sandy and gravelly soil must have been found unsuitable for gardens. The hill was probably little more than a bare heath, favourable, no doubt, except under peculiar circumstances, to human life; for, standing as it does almost a hundred feet above the Thames, surrounded on all sides by valleys, more or less depressed, and bounded on the east and west by the Tybourne and the Marybourne, the hill, although without a name of its own, has always been remarkable in later times for its low death-rate, a blessing

duly acknowledged by the inhabitants, who built St. Luke's Church in Nutford Place to commemorate the absence of cholera from the district during the visitation of 1849. Though the Tybourne or Tyburn has as many aliases as some of the heroes who passed their last moments upon its banks, we can trace its course more easily than that of the companion stream. Rising originally in the clay north of the Regent's Park, it takes a south-westerly course, and, having been augmented by the Westbourne, it reaches the boundary of Hyde Park, where the old burial-ground of St. George's, Hanover Square, was placed to be well away from the houses. Traversing the Park by a winding but well-marked course, it is now lost in the Serpentine ; but time was, no doubt, when the junction of the two bournes gave its name to the abbey manor of Ey or Ait, now, by the Middlesex pronunciation, corrupted into Hyde.

If, instead of turning west at the Fleet below Holborn Hill, we try to examine the geographical features of the City itself, the difficulties in our way are even greater. The hill of which St. Paul's is the crown never rises much more than half the height of that on which the gallows stood at Tyburn. And some fifteen or twenty feet of even this moderate elevation must be accounted for by the successive destructions of a series of cities which have stood on the same site, and which have contributed to the salubrity of their modern repre-

sentative by raising it on a deep layer of ashes and adventitious soil of all kinds. We are not concerned here with the exact place occupied by Roman London. Recent discoveries have added to the proofs adduced by Mr. W. H. Black, in 1863, to show that it stood west of the Wallbrook. If the masonry just uncovered at Newgate be in reality Roman, it reached just as far north-west as he would have had us believe. His view, notwithstanding certain discoveries of Roman remains on Tower Hill, would have finally disposed of a theory seldom now held as to the origin of the Tower. Two streams crossed the site of the City. Both have disappeared, like the Fleet itself. The Langbourne only survives in the name of the ward through which it ran, and Sherbourne Lane marks its later course before it fell into the Thames at Swan Wharf. The Wallbrook also had at least two names, whether as the Dour it gave a name to Dowgate, and whether as the Wallbrook it really marked the eastern boundary of the ancient city. Barges at one time sailed up it at high water as far as Bucklersbury, and a boat-hook of Roman make has been found in Coleman Street. Bridges crossed it at the same period and later, one of them connecting the two streets which are now the two ends of Cannon Street. The ship which formed the vane of St. Mildred's in the Poultry has been referred to the stream which flowed under the church; St. Mary Bothaw has been explained as St. Mary Boat-haw, and the course of the brook

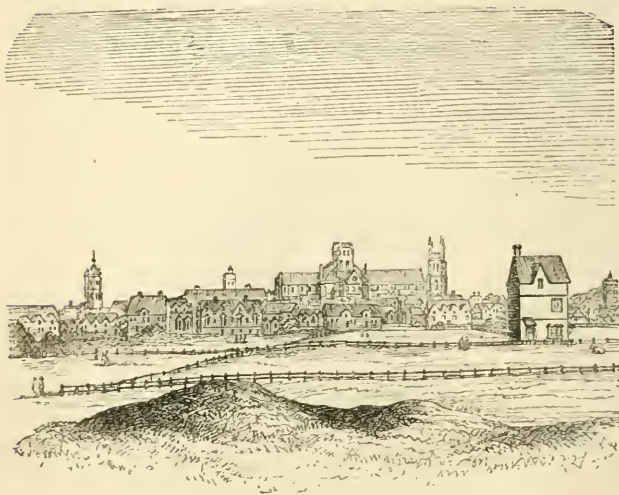
may be traced across Princes Street, behind the Bank, along Broad Street, until, like the Langbourne, it reaches Finsbury. The marshy ground in Moorfields is to the City what the Regent's Park clay is to the west end; and though Threadneedle Street is thirteen and Broad Street six feet above the ancient level of the land, they preserve in a remarkable manner evidences of their respective positions when suburban villas lined the banks of the Wallbrook, and corn grew upon Cornhill.



STONE IN PANYER ALLEY, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LONDON FOUR CENTURIES AGO.

I.—TOPOGRAPHY.



LONDON BEFORE THE FIRE. *From an Engraving by Hollar.*

WHEN we consider the extraordinary growth of London, both in size and population, within the last few years, and that this growth is not the only way in which it has altered within the memory

of many still living, we cannot be surprised that the changes of all kinds in four hundred years should be much greater. This consideration does not, however, diminish the interest we feel in tracing those changes. Londoners are not alone in their feelings about their city. All England shares in their pride. And now-a-days the great increase of facilities for locomotion has rendered the features of the Metropolis more or less familiar to almost everyone, even in remote parts of the kingdom ; and most of those who have visited it will confess to having experienced a feeling of something very like awe when they saw for the first time those thoroughfares whose names were already household words to them.

To an Englishman, Westminster Hall and the Abbey, St. Paul's and the Tower of London, are crowded with associations ; but not only in such remarkable places as these does he feel an interest, but even in the very streets, alleys, and turnings which conduct him to them. It is impossible to pass Whitehall without thinking of Charles I. It is hard to pass the Marble Arch without thinking of Tyburn. The open space of Lincoln's Inn Fields constantly reminds us of William Lord Russell and his execution there ; we think we see the great square filled with anxious faces, and the mourning coach which conveyed the dying patriot turning out of Queen-street ; we fancy we hear him repeat, as he sees the great assembly, the opening lines of the 149th Psalm :

“O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing ;”

and adding, “I am about to praise Him in a greater company than this.” Nor as we pass along the Strand and under Temple Bar, can we forget how often Johnson and his friends walked along there and under the same arch, and especially the walk he and Goldsmith took to Westminster and back, and how they looked up at the heads of the unfortunate Scots rebels of 1745, which still grinned from their spikes on the top of the gate. Nor can we repress a shudder as we glance from Ludgate-hill along the Old Bailey ; nor a sigh of pity when King-street, Westminster, reminds us of Edmund Spenser, who died there “for lake of bread ;” or when Brooke-street, Holborn, recalls the death in similar circumstances of the boy Chatterton. Almost every corner in London teems with such recollections, but I will endeavour in the present paper to confine my attention to a view of the size and state of the city—say in the commencement of the reign of Henry V.

One sentence will show how very different its aspect was then from what we see now. The inhabited portion was almost confined to the City proper. Although the population of that portion was large—considerably larger than it is now—the area was very small, the houses being for the most part within the walls. The merchants lived in their places of business, and every house and street was crowded with citizens. They did not, as now, resort

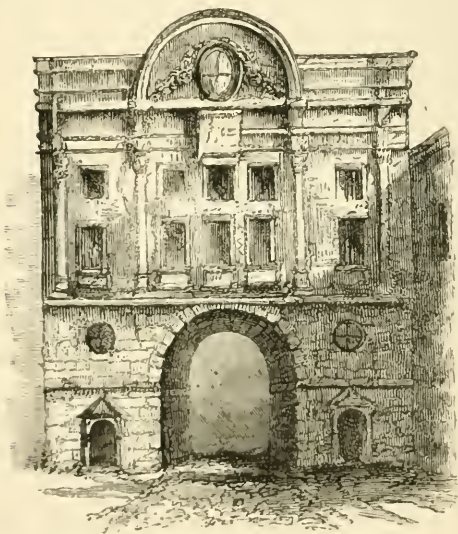
to the City only in the day-time for business, and keep villas in the suburbs. Few except the monks dared to live beyond the protection of the City walls.

These walls commenced at the Tower, between which and the wall there was a ditch ; and we read of Edward III. ordering the ditch to be cleared lest it should overflow into that fortress. No wonder that we find about the same time a bill for medicines supplied to the unfortunate King of Scots, who had been imprisoned there for eleven years. The bill amounts to £2 12s. 9d. This sum represents between £40 and £50 in our money. From the Tower the wall passed northward as far as Aldgate, which was really a gate in those days. A gate was still standing on the spot a hundred years ago ; in fact, very few of the City gates had been demolished when George III. came to the throne.

Outside Aldgate there was a small village or hamlet called Whitechapel, and near it a monastery of the White Friars, or Friars Minors, which has given its name to the Minories. A little farther to the north there was another monastery and hospital dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and the open country round was known as the Hospital or 'Spital Fields. Shoreditch lay a little to the west, and was the estate of an honourable family of the name of Shore, many of whom were City merchants. One of them, a jeweller, was husband to Jane Shore.

Then outside Moorgate was a moor or heath, and in the hollow nearer the City wall a piece of marshy

ground which is often said to have given its name to the district of Finsbury. The street now called London-wall still shows the marks of the great foss which ran under the wall; and parts of the fortifications themselves may still be seen a little to the west of Moorgate, at Cripplegate churchyard. In the same direction there was a small gate or barbican, which has given its name to a modern street; and to the number of beggars who assembled here



MOORGATE

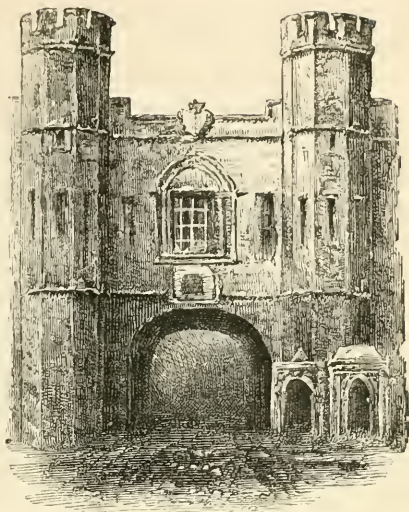
we may attribute the name of the neighbouring church, which stood outside the walls, and was

perhaps resorted to by mendicants because they were forbidden the exercise of their trade in the City.

Aldersgate stood close to where the General Post-office has been built; and next came Newgate, which seems to have been used as a prison for

London and Middlesex as early as 1218. Holborn Bars were a kind of outwork to Newgate, and there was some fortification near them, the site of which is indicated by Castle-street. Then came Ludgate, and, as an outwork, Temple Bar, within which was the river Fleet and the Fleet Bridge where now is Farringdon-street; and the wall ended close to where Blackfriars Bridge now stands.

There was some protection also along the river; and we hear of Dowgate and Billingsgate among other modes of access to the water; but except a



CRIPPLEGATE.

strongly fortified castle at each end of London Bridge, there were few attempts at defence on that side.

If we return to Ludgate and pass out through the gate (which was said to have been called after a mythical personage ever so many centuries before Julius Cæsar, but which more probably is called from the river or flood), we find ourselves at the small bridge which conducts us over the Flood, or Fleet. Vessels are moored in this little river as high as the bridge; on the right we have the pleasant gardens and gentle slope of the Earl of Lincoln's grounds; and beyond, at the top of the ascent, we see his house. About the time of which I speak it was no longer in the Earl's hands, and the lawyers' chambers were very soon to convert it into Lincoln's Inn.

More than a hundred years before, or in 1307, we find the Earl of that time complaining to Parliament—which sat then at Carlisle on account of the King's expedition to Scotland—that vessels could hardly reach the bridge on the Fleet, so much was it impeded by rubbish thrown into it; and reciting that hitherto they had been able to go up as far as King's Cross, where there had been wharves for the reception of merchandise.

If we pursue our way along what is now Fleet-street, we pass on the left, just before we reach Temple Bar, the great monastery of the Knights Templars, then called the New Temple, to distinguish it from their former habitation near Holborn.

In this place the King's jewels or "jocalia" were deposited for safety by most of the sovereigns until the time of Henry III. King John had begun to use the Tower for this purpose, and thither the regalia were finally removed in 1252.

Passing through Temple Bar, we find ourselves in open country. The road, now the Strand, is a mere muddy track, overgrown with bushes, and skirted on the right by gardens and thickets. On the left, between the road and the river, are a few half-fortified town houses of the great nobility, Arundel House, which came first, being perhaps the most important. Pleasure grounds and gardens are round them and the Temple, and walks along the Thames, like what we still see at Richmond and Twickenham. At St. Clement's Church there are a few houses, said to be the remains of a colony of Danes who settled here before the Conquest; many of them are pleasure houses and taverns, much resorted to by the youth of the City, who come to drink of the water of the neighbouring holy well, and to play at various games in the open fields of Lincoln's Inn. And probably here they are often entertained with stories about the grim Danish king, son of Canute, who lies buried in the neighbouring church; how, when he had killed himself by his gluttony at Lambeth, his body was buried in Westminster Abbey, and was dug up again by his brother and successor and thrown into the Thames; and how one day a fisherman, drawing his net to shore,

was astonished at the unusual weight until the royal body was discovered ; and how it finally found a resting-place under the fane of St. Clement.

Going on still to the westward, we come to what was called Aldwych-road, where now stand Wych-street and Drury-lane ; and leaving on our left the garden of the Convent of Westminster, we pass on the right the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and emerge in the Oxford-road, near the pleasantly situated village of Holborn.

As we pass through St. Giles's Fields we shall probably see a body of soldiers encamped in the open ground, and perhaps encounter a gang of poor wretches marching towards the City in chains. For here, within a few days, has been held a meeting of the followers of Sir John Oldecastle, Lord Cobham ; and here they have been set upon by the young King, Henry V., in person, and made prisoners. The King has been told by his religious advisers that the followers of the new religion design nothing less than the subversion of his throne ; and, therefore, short time is allowed for question or investigation : thirty Lollards expiate their supposed crime on the gallows, while their leader escapes to Wales. Nor is his fate eventually preferable to theirs, for in a year or two he is taken, and, his legs having been broken, he is hung up in his armour and roasted to death over a slow fire.

Beyond the road by which we have arrived at Holborn from the Strand, and running nearly par-

allel to it, is St. Martin's-lane. Commencing at the village of Charing, it passes St. Martin's Chapel, on the site of which a church was erected by Henry VIII., then really "in the fields," like St. Giles's, and a little farther on, the entrance to the great Reading-road, now Piccadilly. The foot of the lane at Charing is marked by a cross, sacred to the memory of Queen Eleanor, the wife of Edward I. Some have fancifully derived the name of Charing from the French words *chère reine*, referring to Edward's love for his queen; but, unfortunately for such a pretty idea, the village has borne the same appellation from Saxon times. Near the cross is the magnificent palace of the Archbishops of York, surrounded by pleasant gardens, and a park which stretches away to Westminster. This palace was afterwards known as Whitehall, the gardens as Spring Gardens, and the park as St. James's.

Near the cross, where now stand the Nelson Column and Sir Edwin Landseer's lions, was an aviary or mews for the King's hawks. The word "mew" signifies, in the technical language of falconry, a moulting-place. That falcons were in great esteem in those days will be proved by the fact that,—unless the law has been very recently repealed—it is still felony, by Act of Parliament, to steal a hawk. The following extract from the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward I. relates to the royal mews at Charing-cross:—"For timber whereof to make the King's mews, and carriage of the same

from Kingston to the said mews as well by land as by water : divers keys for the same, and for repairing the keys of the gerfalcon's bath : for iron rings for the curtain of the mews before the said falcons : and for turfs bought for the herbary of the said falcons . . . £25 . 0s. . 2d." This sum represents no less than £500 of our money, not counting the twopence. It was in the same days that the Bishop of Hereford paid his falconer 3s. 4d. a half-year ! The royal mews remained here as stables until the reign of George IV.

We must pass for the present the great palace of the Savoy, of which the twice-restored chapel still remains to this nineteenth century ; and returning towards the City by the Oxford-road, we find ourselves at the top of Holborn-hill. In the valley below runs the Fleet, and frowning from the opposite steep we see the city towers, and high above them all, to the right, the spire of St. Paul's, at that time the tallest steeple in Christendom, if, as some say, it was 180 feet higher than the ball and cross on the top of Sir Christopher Wren's dome. Immediately opposite us we see the tower of St. Sepulchre's, just at the top of the hill, and outside the fortifications of Newgate ; and as we begin to descend, we pass St. Andrew's on the right and the palace of the Bishop of Ely on the left. This palace was famous for its gardens, which are referred to by Shakespeare. Hatton-garden and Ely place preserve for us indications of the site.

A little farther up on the slope we pass through crocus beds (now Saffron-hill), and find ourselves at the entrance of Cow-lane, by which we ascend the hill and enter Smithfield. Cow-lane has but few houses in it. It is not a pleasant place in which to live; for just at the end, as we emerge on the open space, we pass a spot known as the Elms; and if you are curious in such matters, you may see the great elmwood gibbets, placed here by Henry III. Perhaps as you go by some of Lord Cobham's unhappy followers are still suspended on them.

Crossing Smithfield, we come to the porches of a magnificent church, the west end of which projects far into the open space. It is St. Bartholomew's Church, and the priory buildings surround it. A beautiful doorway leads into the south aisle of the nave. This doorway is destined to remain a witness to the splendour of the other buildings, and in the days of Queen Victoria to form the entrance to St. Bartholomew's Churchyard. But you care little to look at the church or priory, for opposite the gate is a post about three feet thick and eight high. It is charred all over, as if it had been partially burnt. It is sunk deep in the ground at the foot, and has two or three iron staples and rings driven into each side. You shudder and pass on.

Turning to the right, with the wall on your left hand, you follow what is now Giltspur-street, where probably races were held, as well as tournaments.

We must not delay to tell any old stories of the joustings here, but proceed at once past St. Sepulchre's Church, to enter the City through the New Gate, which King Henry has just completed, and which is already full of prisoners. If you are charitably disposed you will stop to put a farthing or two into the bag which you see hanging by a long string from one of the windows ; and if you are rich, perhaps you will put in a penny, equal to a shilling at least of modern coinage. The bag is quickly drawn up and emptied by the poor starving wretches above. Frightful stories have been told of the condition of Newgate and all the prisons of those days ; nor did they much improve until a period but little removed from our own. Strange to say, they were almost all either private property or were leased to a private individual, who made what he could out of the necessities of his miserable charge.

As you proceed through Newgate-street, you perceive that all along the left hand of the way the space is occupied by another monastery. This time it is the Grey Friars. The church, which is at the extremity of the street, is very magnificent. In later times, after the great fire, it was pulled down, and the present Christ Church built on part of the site ; but in the reign of Henry V. the visitor was able to see some very remarkable tombs within its walls. These tombs were wantonly destroyed by a Lord Mayor of Queen Elizabeth's time. Among others, you might have seen the monuments of four

queens—Margaret of France, the second wife of Edward I. ; her niece, the wicked Isabella, whom Gray calls the “ She-wolf of France ; ” her daughter, Joane of the Tower, Queen of Scotland ; and Isabel Fitzwarren, in her own right Queen of the Isle of Man. Near them lies the body of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, the infamous companion of Queen Isabella ; to whom belongs the unenviable distinction of having been the first person hanged at Tyburn. As if in mockery of death, we read that upon Queen Isabella’s breast, in the tomb, was deposited the heart of “ her murdered mate ” in a golden vase.

Opposite the Grey Friars stands the town mansion of the great Earls of Warwick. Here in a few years will be held the semi-regal court of the King-maker, to whom the estate has descended by his marriage with one of the heiresses of the last of the Beauchamps. A few steps farther and we are in Pater-noster-row, so called from the number of text-writers who lived there and in the neighbourhood of Ave Maria-lane, Amen-corner, and so on. Here also lived bead or rosary makers, which were popularly called paternosters and aves. The row was, if possible, narrower than it is now, and was bordered on one side by the wall of the great Cathedral-close. The wall is overhung with trees, probably belonging to gardens of the great Earl in Warwick-lane, and of the great Bishop whose palace formed part of the cathedral buildings. Among the Public Records is

one of an inquest held on a boy who was killed by falling from the bough of an apple-tree in Pater-noster-row.

At the north-east end of the Close is an archway; and here, if you are so disposed, you may enter to hear the sermon at Paul's Cross. Any description of the great cathedral would require a paper to itself; so we will not pause now, but enter Cheape or Cheapside, the great market-place of the City. It is very narrow; there is hardly room for one horse to pass along the centre of the street in most places; yet this is the chief thoroughfare towards St. Paul's and Ludgate-hill, as well as towards Newgate. The best way in those days, although the longest, was to turn down Old Change and through Carter-lane and Creed-lane; the way through St. Paul's Churchyard was altogether stopped by the cathedral precincts. Cheapside is full, in the wider parts, not only of shops, but of open stalls where all kinds of merchandise are exposed for sale.

London was already famous for the importance of its trade. The Hall of the Mercers' Company, one of the chief guilds of the City, stood about half-way along the street upon the site of the house in which the great Thomas Becket was born. His father was a citizen and mercer of London, but there is no truth in the romantic story of his mother's Saracenic origin.

At the entrance to Cheapside, where a road or street leads towards Aldersgate, is the market cross;

and as you go along you see the localities devoted to the different wares which are sold here : Bread-street, Milk-street, Honey-lane, and at the farther end the Poultry market, may be noticed. There is no open space opposite the Mansion House ; in fact there is no Mansion House ; the Lord Mayor lives in his own house, and entertains in the hall of the Company to which he belongs. Half way up the street is Guildhall, and opposite it Bow Church. In the open space between a great tournament was held in 1329 by Edward III., when a scaffolding fell, by which several persons were injured. Edward in a fury ordered the carpenters to be instantly hanged, but released them on Queen Philippa's intercession. At the extremity of Cheapside stands a church, where the Royal Exchange was built three centuries later ; and another, St. Christopher's, where the Bank of England afterwards rose.

You will have perceived that the number of churches in London is very great. Two centuries before the time of King Henry V. they were reckoned at 126 parish churches, besides the chapels of thirteen convents, and no fewer than seventy chantries and chapels attached to St. Paul's. The steeples of some of these churches were higher than any in modern London ; and as there was not much smoke to obscure the view, the City must have looked very beautiful from a distance. That there was little smoke we infer from the fact that coal was still rare in London, and that, so unwholesome

were its fumes considered, we hear of a man having been hanged for using it in the reign of Edward I. Indeed, nothing strikes us more when we study those times than the ease with which a man might get himself hanged; and it seems strange that three centuries were passed before our legislators learned the wisdom of the saying, "It is the worst use to which you can put a man."

Proceeding on our way through Cornhill, we pass St. Michael's Church, and, a little farther on, the street which leads to one of the outlets of the wall at Bishopsgate. Just within the gate we see the magnificent mansion which Sir John Crosby has almost completed. A bystander will perhaps inform us that the ground belongs to the prioress of St. Helen's (another convent!), and that Sir John pays her £11 6s. 8d. per annum for the lease. In the hall of the mansion you may see one of the first fireplaces used in England in such a building. Logs were usually burnt in the centre of the floor, and the smoke escaped—or, more probably, did not escape—by a hole in the roof. It was, therefore, customary on great occasions to burn spices and sweet-scented wood in those places. During the third mayoralty of Sir Richard Whittington, in 1419, he entertained King Henry^V and his bride Katherine of France at a sumptuous banquet in Guildhall; and when they remarked upon the sweet perfume of the fire which burned in the centre, Sir Richard replied that with their graces' leave he would make it even

more pleasant ; and drawing forth the bonds which he held of the King for more than £60,000, which the King had borrowed towards his French expedition, he threw them into the fire. This story must be taken for what it is worth ; it is told of other great kings and merchants, at home and abroad, and is probably no more true than the other famous story of the same Sir Richard's cat, or the collateral one that he let all his lands upon leases for *nine lives* ! It is, however, true that King Henry obtained large sums of money in the City for his French wars, and that he even pawned the royal crown of England for 20,000 marks to the Bishop of Winchester.

Pawnbroking was not confined to the natives of London in those days ; and if we turn to the right out of Cornhill, through Gracechurch-street, we shall pass the head-quarters of the business in Lombard-street, so called on account of the immigration of Italian jewellers and other merchants, who here drove a thriving trade in money-lending. The sign of the pawnbroker—the three golden balls—is derived from the arms of the great Medici, Dukes of Florence, which some of these merchants have hung over their doors in honour of their native sovereigns. This reminds us to observe that none of the houses are numbered, but that every shop has its sign, as taverns, brokers, barbers, and gold-beaters have still. The lighting of the streets as well as the numbering has been neglected hitherto ; but in the beginning of this King's reign, Sir Henry Barton,

the Lord Mayor, ordered the streets to be lighted with lamps, which was first done in the year 1416.

Passing the end of Lombard-street, we find ourselves in another market, called Eastcheap; and among the taverns which surround it we shall probably be shown the "Boar's Head," in which, according to the popular belief, King Henry in his younger days has had many a frolic with his fat friend Sir John Fastolf. Sir John, however, has married a rich widow at Castle Combe, in Wiltshire, and settled down as a country gentleman, and is just now engaged in a lawsuit with his step-son, whom he hopes to keep out of the inheritance during his own lifetime; and King Henry has not less altered his manner of life, and is feasting, as we have seen, with the Lord Mayor instead of Dame Quickly.

From Eastcheap to the Tower is but a short way, and at the period we speak of, Tower-street would probably be full of young men on their way to join the great army which the King requires in France. Henry V. probably resides at the Tower just now, and with him his bride, Katherine of France. You had better not ask too many questions about the other queen, Henry's step-mother, who also perhaps is in residence here; those who show too much interest in her will probably be suspected of Lollardism; as Joan of Navarre has been lately accused of sorcery on account of her well-known leanings towards the followers of Cobham and Wickliffe.

We must not now delay to visit the Tower, but

proceed at once to London Bridge in order to reach the Borough before dark. This bridge is the only one over the Thames in London. You cannot cross otherwise, except by boat. The bridge is covered with buildings, a gateway being at each end; and as you pass in through the archway and pay your toll, you could imagine yourself in a street and forget the river altogether, but for the noise of the mill-wheels which are worked under every arch by the rush of water through the narrow aperture. A roaring sound like this would be most appropriate in a modern street; but we must remember that in those days there were few or no carts or carriages, especially in the streets, and that the only sounds were those of human voices, or the trampling of horses, with the occasional clanking of a man in armour as he rode along.

Half way across is St. Thomas's Chapel, in which the engineer who built the bridge, Peter, curate of Colechurch in the City, lies buried. He died in 1205, and his bridge stood until 1832! The houses built upon it were crowded with inhabitants. In the reign of Richard II. they fell into deep disgrace, for the King's mother, the widow of Edward the Black Prince, was insulted and pelted as she passed under one of the arches in a boat. Richard, who was always glad of an excuse for getting money out of the citizens, made them pay a heavy fine for this offence. The same insult had been offered many years before to Eleanor of Provence, the

mother of Edward I. Over the gate at the Southwark end you will see the blackened skulls of some of the victims of the usurpation of Henry IV.; and will perhaps remember that, like the water gate at the Tower, this is called the Traitor's Gate.

If you look back at the City from the southern end of the bridge you get a very fair idea of the extent of it, and of the comparative sizes of the various buildings with which it is adorned. The limits are very sharply defined by the Tower on the right or eastern side, and the buildings of the Temple on the left. In the centre, towering above all competition, stands the great cathedral, with its glorious spire; while the other most prominent churches are those of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside; St. Michael's, in Cornhill; and the Grey Friars, near Newgate. Nearer the water's edge you observe the great pile of Baynard's Castle, within the City walls, near Blackfriars; and outside, the New Temple, Arundel House, the Savoy, Whitehall, and far in the west the clock tower of the royal palace at Westminster, the huge spireless shape of the Abbey, and the roof of Westminster Hall.

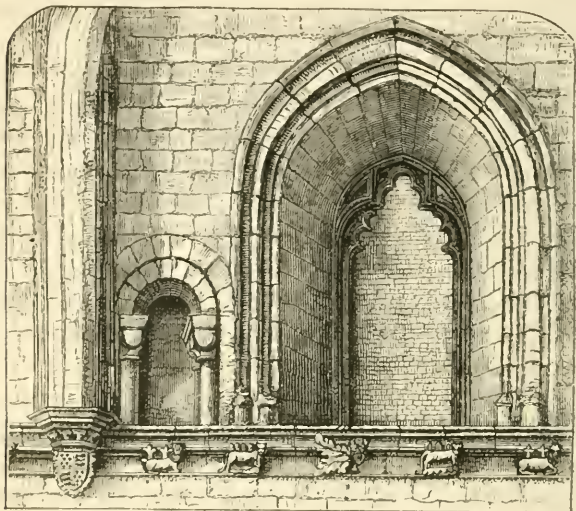
Of these, Arundel House is the seat of the great Earls of Arundel and Surrey; and Baynard's Castle is the present domicile of a lady whose children are to play a very prominent part in the affairs of the kingdom during the next forty years of the fifteenth century. Here Cicely, Duchess of York, mother of Edward IV., keeps a kind of court. She is cousin

of the King-maker, being herself a Neville, the daughter of his uncle the Earl of Westmoreland. I speak more at length of her in my chapter on Berkhamsted.

Near the foot of London Bridge stands the church of St. Mary Overies, otherwise called St. Saviour's. It is one of the largest and handsomest churches in London; and is destined to be the only one of any importance, after Westminster Abbey, which will survive till the nineteenth century. It forms a kind of cathedral for the Bishop of Winchester, who resides in a magnificent palace not far off, and who holds occasionally a court in the Lady-chapel for the trial of heretics. In the church is a monument over the burial-place of Sir John Gower, the poet of the reign of King Edward III.

Surrounding the church are some of the oldest buildings in London; and in fact some antiquaries have been of opinion that Southwark is more ancient than the City to which it belongs on the opposite bank. In the principal street you will see an inn, just then becoming famous as the scene of part of a poem by one Geoffrey Chaucer. He was Clerk of the Works at Westminster, and has recently died and been buried near his royal master, Richard II., whose bones the young King had removed from Langley, in Hertfordshire, and laid beside those of his wife in the Confessor's Chapel. The "Tabard" Inn, as you pass by, is probably crowded with pilgrims setting off for a visit to the shrine of

St. Thomas of Canterbury, and some of them have perhaps taken the opportunity to say a prayer and leave a gift at the same saint's chapel on London Bridge.



WINDOWS IN WESTMINSTER HALL. *From Brayley.*

II.—MANNERS.

It is difficult now-a-days to arrive at any very distinct idea of the condition of our forefathers a few centuries ago. The progress of antiquarian research within the last fifteen or twenty years has, however, been so great, that it is easier for us to form some

conception of their mode of life, especially in large towns, than it would have been before so many volumes of research had been made public. This is particularly the case with respect to London. We have very full accounts before us of the architecture, the laws, the customs, the dress, the language, and even the food of the people of the Metropolis in the Middle Ages ; and from them we should be able to approximate to those of other parts of England at the same period, always allowing a few years for the higher civilisation of places near to, than of places more remote from, the great centre of progress and activity.

Still, with all the help these archæological investigations afford, it is hard to conceive the state of people who lived without what to us are such ordinary things as glass windows, or oil paint, or writing paper, or printed books. Yet in London, in the year 1400, such things were almost, some of them quite, unknown. Street lamps were introduced by Sir Henry Barton, Lord Mayor in 1416. Chimneys were often made of wood before 1419, when it was ordered that any henceforth constructed except of stone, tiles, or plaster, should be pulled down. Glass was very dear, and only made in small pieces, so that few completely glazed windows were to be seen except in churches ; and the poorer citizens were obliged to content themselves with lattices, of with very small windows almost filled up with stone or wooden tracery. In the houses of some of the

wealthy nobility, sets of glass windows were removable, and were taken from place to place, as their owner changed his residence. Crockery was almost unknown, except as a great rarity from Italy; and a glass or majolica basin or drinking cup was worth more than its weight in gold. The common people used horn, or perhaps in some cases iron cups and drinking-vessels, and the richer sort silver, silver-gilt, and even gold.

Crosby Hall, which still remains, and is now very appropriately turned into an eating-house, gives us a fair idea of what the houses of the upper class in London were like in the time of Richard III.; but this is an extremely magnificent example, and the houses of people in an inferior rank were very different. Not, indeed, that such a house as Crosby Hall would be considered comfortable now-a-days. The vast rooms, the thorough draughts, the badly fitting doors, the smoky chimneys, and the very imperfect drainage and ventilation must have more than made up for the beauty of the carving, and the magnificence of the hangings on the walls—or for the general splendour of the furniture, and richness of the stained glass. The town house of the Earls of Warwick in Newgate-street; Baynard's Castle, in which the Duchess of York, mother of Edward IV., lived; Pembroke Place, on the site of which stands Stationers' Hall; and Arundel House, in the Strand, were all very similar; varying more in size than in general arrangement.

In these fine mansions a visitor would have found a strange mixture of luxury and barbarism. He would have seen the great hall used as a sleeping place by the servants of the family—the bare floor being their bed, and for a pillow a sheaf of rushes or straw; while in the chambers of the master and his equals he would have seen the most elaborate and sumptuous couches, ornamented with heraldic devices of the richest kind, hung with velvet or silk, and constructed of the softest down. Linen sheets would not be so common, and in many instances he would only find the bed arranged for lying upon, not in; but in others he would see counterpanes of damask or satin, and sheets of the finest cloth of Cambray, or cambric. The word counterpane is derived from the practice of “paning” or striping various rich stuffs one with another. Our words *panel* and *pane* are from the same source. The walls would be hung with tapestry, generally ornamented with heraldic badges, but sometimes embroidered with representations of scenes from the romances and ballads which were popular at the time.

For furniture he would probably see in each chamber a chair or two—generally what we should call arm-chairs—or stools without any back; also a seat in the thickness of the wall under the window; and a wardrobe, sometimes of great magnificence, but often a mere curtained recess, in which to hang clothes. A more important article

of furniture would be the chest, or cabinet, which would also serve for a table, and would be richly ornamented with hinges, and perhaps painted or carved with shields of arms. The visitor would probably see no looking-glass, or else only a small hand-mirror of metal; he would not find any washhand-stand—though there might be a bath—and he would miss a fireplace, though he might see a brazier with charcoal. The door would be protected with heavy curtains, and the window would not be made to open and shut; nevertheless he would find a plentiful supply of the outer air circulating in the room, some coming through the imperfectly leaded window panes, some under the ill-fitting door, and a great deal through the boards of the floor, from whatever room chanced to be beneath, as ceilings were seldom plastered, and floors seldom carpeted. Carpets were more commonly used for wall hangings, though we read of their use for the floors in the king's palace as early as the reign of Edward III. There would be no hair brushes, though combs were in common use; and no pins, though brooches like skewers, but ornamented with jewels, would be found; metal pins were first made about the reign of Edward IV. A smaller bed would probably be found at the foot of the great one, for a servant or a guard; and a little oratory would probably occur in one corner, fitted with an image, a little reliquary, containing perhaps a piece of the “true cross,” and a “pater-

noster," or rosary of beads. In a few cases you might also find a volume of prayers, or the "Book of Tribulation," containing the seven penitential psalms; and in another part of the room, a volume of the Romaunt of Sir Lancelot du Lac, or a Chronicle of the Wars.

Descending to the reception rooms of the house, you would be struck by the general want of furniture everywhere apparent. In the great hall there would be forms at either side of a long table, which itself would consist of boards laid upon trestles, and removed after each meal. The forms would then be set back against the wall, or taken away altogether. A cross table at the upper end of the hall would be provided for the lord of the mansion, who, with his wife and the principal guests, would sit under a canopy, which would be not so much a matter of state as of necessity, for protection from the draughts. The servants, and indeed all the family, high or low, except those actually engaged in cooking or waiting, would dine together; and dinner would be the principal meal of the day, a slight breakfast and a slighter supper preceding and following it. The Duchess of York dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped at five. These early hours were general: the Judges at Westminster sat only from eight in the morning until eleven, when they adjourned for the day. No doubt the difficulty of performing any labour, literary or manual, except by daylight, led to these arrange-

ments. Candle-light was bad, and candles dear ; the only light always available during the short days of winter being that of the fire which burnt in the middle of the hall—the smoke escaping by the louvre in the roof. The hall of Westminster School was warmed in this way until the year 1850, if not later ; and the same old method may still be seen in occasional use at Penshurst Place, in Kent. Crosby Hall gives us the earliest example of a great hall with a fireplace. It was almost impossible, without a chimney or any certain exit for the smoke, to burn coal ; and we have already seen that the smoke of coal was considered so unwholesome that its use was prohibited in London by the severest enactments until the middle of the fourteenth century, and was by no means common for a hundred years later.

Westminster Hall was completed by Richard II. in 1390. Accounts of the “house warming” which he gave in celebration of this event have come down to us, and give us a lively picture of the table arrangements of the period. The prices of provisions may also be easily ascertained by a reference to the market regulations made at different times. These prices were always much affected by the visitations of the plague, which were so common in Old London. For example, after the plague of the year 1348, in which 100,000 persons are said to have died, a fat ox might have been bought for 4s., and a fat wether for 4d. A lamb was 2d., and

a pig 5d. Even if we allow that money is now fifteen times more valuable, these are exceedingly low rates. The usual prices were much higher. One schedule gives us these particulars: between Easter and Whit-Sunday a fat goose was to be had for 5d., at other times for 4d., or even 3d. Three pigeons came to a penny; which is not very cheap if we calculate a penny as worth between 1s. 3d. and 1s. 8d. of our money. The swan was much esteemed at the great City feasts, and cost the prodigious sum of 3s., equal to nearly £2 10s. in modern currency. There were many swans on the Thames; the King's birds and those belonging to the citizens being distinguished by markings annually made on their bills. The common tavern sign, a swan with Two *Necks*, properly *nicks*, has its rise from this circumstance. Salmon were from 3s. to 5s. each, which multiplied by 15, answers pretty nearly to the present price; whilst oysters were at 2d. a gallon, which, on the same calculation, is certainly cheap. A prominent feature at all great entertainments was a peacock served "in his pride," with the feathers and train; as we still see pheasants at table, with the tail-feathers by way of garnishing.

When Richard II. gave the feast at Westminster Hall of which I have spoken, he employed, we read, 2,000 cooks, and is said to have feasted at one time above 10,000 persons. Many particulars have come down to us of this and other extravagant

banquets of the unfortunate Richard, but none seems to have exceeded the magnificent pageant displayed by the City of London at the time of his coronation; when, among other things, we read of the following "sotylyt" or device which was exhibited in the street at Cheapside. "At the upper end of Chepe," says the chronicler, "was a certaine castell made with foure towers, out of the which castell, on two sides of it, there ran foorth wine abundantlie. In the towers were placed foure beautifull virgins, of stature and age like to the King, apparelled in white vestures, in every tower one, the which blew in the King's face, at his approaching neere to them, leaves of gold. . . . When he was come before the castell, they took cups of gold, and, filling them with wine at the spouts of the castell, presented the same to the King and to his nobles. On the top of the castell, betwixt the foure towers, stood a golden angell, holding a crowne in his hands, which was so contrived that when the King came, he bowed downe and offered him the crowne."

This was a "sotylyt" on a very large scale, but similar devices were common at table; heraldry being called in to help, and great pains, if not great taste, being shown in their composition. Thus at the coronation feast of Queen Katherine, wife of Henry V., we read that there was "a sotylyt called a pellycan, sytting on his nest, with her byrdes and an image of Seynt Katheryne holdyng a booke, and

disputyng with the doctours, holdyng a reason in her right hande." This feast, which was held in Lent, was remarkable. It consisted entirely of fish, dressed in various ways; and included, besides many kinds of salt and fresh water fish, the names of which it is not very easy to identify, "porpies rostyd," and "mennys fryed" — porpoises and minnows. At a feast given a few years before, there were served at table, besides wild boar and venison dressed in several ways, peacocks, cranes, bitterns, egrets, curlews, partridges, quails, snipes, and "smal byrds"—perhaps sparrows.

After this account of the high feeding of the period, it may not be amiss to say something of the state of medicine. The monks were the chief physicians, and seem to have been but moderately successful. Henry V. was, probably, killed by the unskilfulness of his medical advisers. Their prescriptions are of inordinate length, and seem to be compounded in a sort of wild hope that if one drug fails, another may succeed. During visitations of the plague, or any epidemic sickness, they appear to have been utterly powerless; although they did guess at the real cause of these disorders, as we see from the many ordinances for the better cleansing of the City, and for the abating of nuisances. It was unlawful, for instance, to keep pigs within certain boundaries. But, no doubt, the stagnant moat which surrounded the City walls, to say nothing of that which protected the Tower, was enough to

account for the awful visitations of pestilence to which the people were so frequently subjected.

The names of two or three of the eminent physicians of those days have come down to us. Master Lawrence was Queen Isabella's medical adviser; but we cannot say much for his skill when we read that his royal patient's death was occasioned by a too powerful dose of some medicine which, although at her desire, he had administered to her. We find that he was paid £2 for a whole month's attendance. Another eminent practitioner was Master Gun, or Quin, a monk at Bermondsey Abbey, to which many royal and noble personages resorted for the benefit of his advice. During one such visit Queen Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV., died.

Surgery was no further advanced than medicine, and a very slight wound was sure to be fatal. Amputations were seldom attempted, and when attempted were almost always unsuccessful. We cannot wonder at this when we read that it was customary, after a man's leg or arm had been lopped off with an axe, to plunge the stump in boiling pitch, in order to stop the bleeding. No doubt this object was effectually accomplished! There were some surgeons, nevertheless, not unskilful in reducing fractures and dislocations. A magnificently illuminated MS. in the National Library of Paris contains the English translation of the treatise of Guy de Chauliac, an eminent

French surgeon, on the "Restorynge of Broken Bones."

The overcrowding of the poor in miserable hovels in the City, and the want of pure water, are quite sufficient to account for the fearful mortality caused by the plague in various years. The worst visitation seems to have been that of 1348, in which 100,000 are said to have died, as I mentioned above; and it was rendered further memorable by the munificence of Sir Walter Manny, who purchased a piece of ground outside the City walls, and had it dedicated as a cemetery for those who died of the plague. Fifty thousand corpses are said to have been interred here during the prevalence of the visitation; but this number is probably inaccurate and exaggerated. Sir Walter, who was one of the first Knights of the Garter, and a famous hero in the wars of Edward III., died in 1372, and was buried in this cemetery. He had given it into the charge of a society of monks, of the Chartreuse or Carthusian Order, who were afterwards violently suppressed by Henry VIII. Their last prior was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, in May 1535; and the site of the priory and burial-ground, by a new foundation, became the famous Charterhouse School, at which so many eminent men were educated in after years.

Mention of Henry VIII. and his cruelty to the Carthusians reminds me to say a few words about what was a much more prominent feature in the

every-day life of London four hundred years ago than it is now. Executions were at all times very frequent. The English laws were very sanguinary, and they seem to have been carried out with the utmost rigour. There was hardly any punishment for crime of all shades except death, the cruelty of the mode of execution alone marking the heinousness of the crime. For ordinary offences hanging was the usual punishment; but for heresy burning alive at the stake, and for treason drawing and quartering, were the regular formulæ. By an excess of barbarity, women guilty of capital crimes were usually burnt alive; and burning the body after strangling continued to obtain in England until the end of the eighteenth century. On this subject I shall have more to say in the next paper.

The continual shedding of blood by the English law seems to our modern ideas very horrible; but, in reality, there was in those days little choice between death and imprisonment. The City prisons were in so shocking a state of unwholesomeness and filth, that pestilence was constantly raging within their walls. In the year of the accession of Henry V. sixty-four prisoners at Newgate, together with all the turnkeys and the chief jailor, were carried off by one such fever. After Whittington's death his executors rebuilt Newgate Prison, as an act of charity, under the provisions of his will. But the condition of poor prisoners was not much ameliorated, and pestilence and misery reigned

supreme for more than two centuries longer. Besides Newgate, there were two smaller prisons, under the control of the sheriffs. One of them was in Cheapside, and the other, which remained until a few years ago, in Giltspur-street. There was also the King's Bench Prison, which was situated in Southwark. To it Chief Justice Gascoigne is said to have committed Henry V. when Prince of Wales. Notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary which has so long prevailed, it is perfectly certain that one of Henry's first acts at his accession was to deprive Gascoigne of his elevated office. Nearly adjoining the King's Bench was the Marshalsea, so called from its being under the control of the Marshal of the King's Household. Prisoners for debt, and along with them, by a curious though not unaccountable regulation, pirates, were confined here until the time of its final discontinuance, in 1842.

But the most remarkable as well as the largest of the old debtors' prisons—the Fleet—stood close to the spot at which the railway bridge now crosses Ludgate-hill. The misery and misgovernment for which this prison was notorious began almost at its first institution ; and many efforts to improve the condition of the prisoners and the aspect of the prison were made by charitably disposed persons from time to time. The most remarkable during the period of which we have been speaking was that of Sir Stephen Foster and Dame Agnes, his

wife. Foster, who had been a small tradesman in the City, was imprisoned in the Fleet for debt; and it happened that one day, when he was begging at the grated opening through which the unfortunate debtors were permitted to behold the outer world and to excite the compassion of the charitable, a certain widow, who possessed wealth and was willing to do good, asked him what sum would set him at liberty. "Twenty pounds," he replied. The money was paid, and Foster became the servant of his benefactress; and in due time, having by his diligence and integrity greatly advanced her interests, he married her, and became a wealthy citizen, serving the office of Lord Mayor in 1454. But in his prosperity he did not forget his sufferings in the Fleet: he and his wife, having purchased the adjoining houses, pulled them down, and enlarged the prison by the addition of a chapel, and many other buildings, for the benefit of his former companions, in order that, from the time of this benefaction, they should not be obliged to pay out of their scanty means for additional accommodation. He also left a foundation for the office of chaplain, and so wisely and carefully framed his regulations that, notwithstanding the continual extortions of the officials, this continued until the last century to be esteemed the best and least oppressive prison for debtors in England.

The endowment by Sir Stephen Foster of the Fleet Chapel reminds me to speak of the London

churches of that day. Within the walls they were very numerous. The parishes, owing to the large number of inhabitants in each, and their crowded dwellings, were small in area, but enormously large in population; and two or more of the churches often closely adjoined one another. Thus St. Paul's, though not itself a parish church, had the church of the parish of St. Faith in its crypt, and the church of St. Gregory built against its walls: St. Swithin's, in Cannon-street, stood almost touching Abchurch; St. John's, Watling-street, was close to St. Antholin's, and both were just opposite St. Augustine's.

But all these churches, and many more, were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and very few specimens of the older buildings have come down to our time. The most remarkable are to be seen in St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and St. Giles, Cripplegate; and there is still a very beautiful porch adjoining St. Sepulchre's, in Giltspur-street. All these, however, were outside the City walls: inside them there are but few remains of any importance. The church of All Hallows Barking, in Tower-street, has some examples in different parts of the building of the architecture of the fourteenth century. Part of the crypt, too, of the old church of St. Michael still exists under the houses at the junction of Cornhill with Gracechurch-street; but St. Andrew's Undershaft—that is, under the May-pole, which used to stand at the end of Cornhill—

although entirely in the old Pointed or Gothic style, was not built as we now see it until a full century after the period of which we are speaking.

In addition to the number of parish churches, the buildings of the monasteries were very numerous. There were two principal orders of monks in London. They were all spoken of as the regular clergy, in contradistinction to the secular, or priests—that is, they lived according to certain rules or regulations; and the different orders of monks were distinguished among themselves by the system of rules to which they adhered. The Cistercians, the Carthusians, and the Augustinians might all be classed as reformed Benedictines; and to the same order almost all the abbeys and cathedrals in England belonged. But in the thirteenth century these societies had become corrupted. They had all yielded more or less to the enervating influence of wealth and prosperity; and although each new sect, or denomination of monk, at its first settlement in England endeavoured to fulfil the rules of its founder, and by visiting the poor and needy in their distress, and relieving their wants, to do the work which in our days is so differently performed, yet the corrupting influence of luxury soon began to tell upon each in succession: and no matter how carefully the earlier members of a fraternity framed its rules, their successors eventually yielded to the temptations of wealth and power, and departed from their

primitive simplicity, and then the orders became one after another, in their turn, luxurious, proud, tyrannical, and superstitious. As true piety died out among them, the worship of relics, of images, and of a daily increasing host of saints supplied its place. In the thirteenth century these things had come to such a pitch that the monks were everywhere dreaded or despised, and only kept their hold on the minds of the people by the superstitions which they fostered.

In London and its neighbourhood the various divisions of the Benedictine Order were especially powerful. To them belonged the magnificent and wealthy abbey of Westminster; Canterbury and Rochester were also under their dominion, as well as the stately foundation of St. Albans; and to various denominations of the same Rule were assigned almost all the monasteries in London. St. Bartholomew's, and St. Mary Overies at the foot of London Bridge, were Augustinian, the monks of which Order were generally known as Austin Friars, but sometimes as White Friars. The Cluniac Order held Bermondsey Abbey, of which we have already spoken; and the Carthusians the magnificent foundation of the Charter House. There were also monasteries of Carmelites and Cistercians, who, however, preferred the country; and besides all these, the semi-military orders of Templars and Hospitallers. The Templars were originally lodged in Holborn, and afterwards in Fleet-street; whilst

the Knights of St. John had their head-quarters at Clerkenwell, in a noble building, the interesting old gate of which is still to be seen, as well as the crypt underneath their church.

In addition to all these monks of the older orders, the thirteenth century saw the rise of a new and in many respects very different monastic system. The Franciscans and Dominicans—both founded by men who, as far as their light went, were sincere and good, and who, when we consider the age in which they lived, are entitled to our admiration—had their origin within a few years of each other, and rapidly spread throughout all the countries of Europe. In England the Franciscans were especially successful, and thirty years from their first landing in 1226 had attained the large number of 1,242 members, and possessed forty-nine convents in different places throughout the kingdom. We look in vain among the remains of Franciscan monasteries for those glories of architecture so commonly found in the ruins of the abbeys of the older orders. They lived in hovels, and practised the strictest austerities. By their founder's precept, they were bound to consider themselves lower than the lowest: hence the name of "Minorites," or "Friars Minors," by which they were known. St. Francis had forbidden them to apply themselves to learning, by which term in those days the ancient philosophies and the more modern theologies were known: they therefore addicted

themselves to physical studies, and were the naturalists and mathematicians of the age. Roger Bacon was a member of their order. Bishop Grosteste was their chief patron. But it was for their charities that they were best known—or rather for their labours in distributing the charity of others; for they themselves professed, and even to the time of their dissolution under Henry VIII. maintained, an austerity of manners which forbade the acquisition of riches. Their chief church in London was on the site of the chancel or choir of Christ Church, Newgate-street; its ornaments, and especially the stained glass windows for which it was remarkable, were the gift of those who had benefited from the preaching or ministrations of members of the order, but the dwellings of the brethren were not in accordance with the magnificence of their church.

Besides their chief and oldest convent within Newgate, they had a branch establishment near the Tower: of this building, which has left its name to the “Minories,” no remains exist; and of the older house in Newgate-street we have only the memories still attached to the Blue Coat School, which now occupies the ground once covered with the low-roofed dormitories, bleak cloisters, and meagrely furnished refectories of the brotherhood. They were, especially at first, loved and honoured by the immense population which partook of their benevolence; and seem really to have

deserved such feelings by their devotion in times of pestilence, and by the eloquence with which they enforced from the pulpit the practical piety of their lives.

How different our great city must have looked to the every-day observer at that period from anything we are now acquainted with ! Cheapside a long and narrow market-place, more like an Oriental bazaar than the busy and gloomy street now standing on its site ; the houses projecting above, so as almost to meet in their upper storeys, and so as completely to shelter the open-air stall upon which goods were displayed below ; no sound of wheels in the streets, or at most the slow, lumbering waggon in which a great lady in bad health might choose to travel to or from her town residence ; the absence of the dense smoke to which modern Londoners are accustomed, and consequently the much gayer dresses of all ranks of people.

Here, a knight in plate armour, and with his horse almost concealed under iron trappings, jogs heavily and noisily over the pavement ; a page running by his side, a squire carrying his helmet behind him, and a long train of ferocious-looking soldiers, some on foot, some on horseback, but all clad in their lord's colours, following behind in single file on account of the narrowness of the streets ; there, a procession of white-robed monks, each with his face concealed in a black hood, lead the way to the burial of some eminent citizen, or

convey the sacrament to some dying penitent ; here, perhaps, the Lord Mayor or a leading alderman, clad in a marone-coloured velvet robe, lined throughout with fur, and wearing a scarlet silk suit underneath, goes, attended by mace and sword bearers, whose office was no sinecure among the turbulent populace, to hold his court at Guildhall or at Newgate ; there, the shop of a herbseller in Bucklersbury is besieged by a howling mob ; while its unhappy owner, suspected, perhaps, of complicity in witchcraft with the Lollards, Lord Cobham, and Queen Joanna, is led away to undergo that fatal ordeal which leaves no hope of escape : if he is innocent, he drowns ; if guilty, he floats, and is despatched by the stones and bludgeons of the crowd.

III.—HISTORY.

In the two previous chapters I have endeavoured to give some account of the City in the time of Henry V. and his immediate predecessors and successors, and also of the manners and customs of the people by whom it was inhabited. In the following pages I propose to conclude my account of London four centuries ago by a few extracts from its history under the rule of the family which it is usual now to call that of Plantagenet, a name which would scarcely have been recognised by any of them. It is not on record that any king ever used the name.

Henry II., who ascended the throne in 1154, was the first of the family to reign in England. He had an hereditary quarrel with the citizens. It was chiefly, if not altogether, owing to their election of King Stephen, whose right to the crown was of the faintest kind, that Henry's mother, the Empress Maud, was kept out of her just inheritance; and he was not likely to neglect such a good excuse for plundering the wealthy burghers. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that a contribution of 1,000 marks was exacted in 1159. A mark is the third of a pound, and a pound then was worth nearly £20 now. Again, they had to pay the same sum in 1172, and in the following year, besides a contribution of £666 13s. 4d. towards the expenses of Henry's expedition to Ireland.

And Henry's extortions are only a specimen of what London had often to endure from his descendants. On the other hand, the citizens obtained from the needy kings grants of privileges and exemptions from service, which laid the foundation of their subsequent liberties. One curious consequence of this relation between the kings and the London merchants was, that those sovereigns who had no hereditary right to the throne were generally the most popular in the City, because they sought to strengthen their position by conciliating the powerful and wealthy citizens. So that those kings whose title was worst were generally the best sovereigns, or at least the best liked in London; and

this we find to have been especially the case with Henry IV., Henry V., and Richard III. It always seemed that those kings were the strongest who supported the privileges of the City, and that the best hereditary right was not sufficient to counter-balance neglect of this principle. The weakest were those who, like Henry III., Richard II., and Henry VI., notwithstanding the prestige of a lengthened succession in their family, were induced to build on their hereditary rights, instead of preserving their personal popularity. The success of Richard III. was wholly owing to recollection of this fact; and, indeed, the same may be said of Edward IV., who, although his right to the throne was undoubted, lost no opportunity of strengthening his position in the affections of the London people. And I must not neglect in this place to mention that, according to many authorities, it was by grant from Richard III. that the chief magistrate became a "Lord" Mayor.

We cannot obtain a better idea of the relative positions of the King and the citizens, than by seeing how Henry III. treated them during the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Fitz-Thomas, who was elected to that office in 1262, and again during each of the two following years. He was a bold man, and opposed the oppressions of the Court with all his power. For this he is maligned by the contemporary historians; and it is not easy to discover his really brave and noble conduct under the accounts they give of him. In 1264 Henry paid a visit to the

City ; and, seated in state in St. Paul's Cathedral, he received the unwilling homage of the citizens, to whom his visit boded no good. "Then," to quote from the Chronicle, "those who were present might see a thing wondrous and unheard-of in this age ; for this most wretched mayor, when taking the oath, dared to utter words so rash as these, saying unto his lordship the King, in presence of the people, 'My Lord, so long as unto us you will be a good lord and king, we will be faithful and duteous unto you.'"

Sir Thomas is not the only mayor who is said to have spoken such words as these to his sovereign. A similar expression is to be seen on the monument of Alderman Beckford, in the Guildhall. He is said, but on questionable authority, to have spoken thus to George III.

Henry was deeply offended at the mayor's speech ; and when, in the following year, the citizens again elected Fitz-Thomas, he determined to humble them by force of arms. It seemed to him a thing not to be borne that they should be able to call their earnings their own, or to elect again a mayor who had so deeply insulted their king as only to promise him obedience during his good behaviour ! He therefore called to him at Windsor all the earls and barons whom he could persuade to support his cause ; and pronouncing the citizens his foes, he prepared to besiege London. They in the meanwhile, knowing the King's ungovernable temper, and knowing, moreover, that they could not but lose in any

struggle with so powerful an adversary, determined to throw themselves on his mercy, and make the best terms they could.

The King's terms were very hard,—they were to surrender to him unconditionally. This they at length agreed to do. The agreement was drawn up and sealed, and now Henry showed his real designs. He summoned the mayor and principal citizens to Windsor, offering them letters of safe-conduct, which, as you will see, he had not the slightest idea of observing. When they reached the castle, late on a Sunday afternoon, he kept them waiting until the evening, when he sent them a message that he could not see them until the morrow ; at the same time they were invited to enter, and were lodged in what is now the Round Tower or Keep. There they waited that night and the following day till evening, when they were separated and put into different prisons within the castle. The safe-conduct went for nought.

In the meantime the King and his knights started for London, where the citizens, suspecting nothing, were awaiting the return of Fitz-Thomas and their other friends. The King called them all his enemies, and, riding with his soldiers through the streets, treated them as if he had conquered them in war and by force of arms. He immediately seized violently no fewer than sixty houses of those who had offended him, and gave them to his own followers, turning the unhappy inhabitants out-of-doors. He then went on through the City to the Tower, and

appointed the constable, Sir Hugh Fitz-Otes, or Otho, to govern London as warden or seneschal, suspending the office of mayor altogether.

When the unfortunate deputation had been imprisoned at Windsor for about three weeks, they were liberated—all, that is, except five, who were detained there for nearly three months, and only set at liberty when the citizens had paid the enormous fine of 20,000 marks, equal to not less than £100,000 of our money. Besides this, the prisoners were obliged to make over their lands and possessions to the King, who granted them as he pleased to his knights. These citizens were always afterwards known on this account as the disherisoned, or those whose inheritance had been taken away.

Henry continued to govern the City by wardens for five years, much against the will of the people, who demanded only Sir Thomas Fitz-Thomas for their ruler, and who were therefore constantly in hot water during the time the wardens continued to hold power. They at that time called themselves by the proud name of "The Commons of England," and in those hanging days showed no slight amount of courage and constancy in the cause of their rights and liberties against the usurpations of the Court. But now a new actor appeared on the scene. Gilbert, third Earl of Gloucester, of the Clare family—like his father Richard, second Earl, and his grandfather, one of the famous Magna Charta barons—had always been attached to the popular

cause in the civil commotions of the reign of Henry III. He went by the name of the "Red Earl," on account of his hair or of his armour, or possibly of both. Just at this time he had raised a force in support of the barons against the King; and having been summoned by the Pope's legate, who then resided at the Tower, to answer before him for disturbing the peace of the kingdom, he came indeed, but brought with him his army, and took possession of the City. He then set himself to bring the government into better order, and if possible to make peace between the King and his subjects. His notions of justice were peculiar, and his method of carrying out his decrees rough and ready. Certainly he seems to have been at least impartial, and many stories have been told of his summary mode of dealing with all disturbers of the peace. He caused daily proclamation to be made against acts of depredation, and did not spare some of his own soldiers who had been concerned in a fatal quarrel with certain of the citizens; he had four of them tied hand foot and thrown headlong into the Thames. Eventually a peace was patched up between the King and the citizens; and Gloucester's rule in the City, after having lasted about six weeks, came to an end. It was this same earl who was Montfort's friend, and who afterwards, by his timely action and decision, secured the succession of the Crusader, Edward I., during his absence in Palestine, on his father's death.

Early in 1267, Henry III. renewed the City charter, under certain conditions. What became of Sir Thomas Fitz-Thomas is not ascertainable. He had probably died, either during his confinement or soon after. In 1269 a list was made of those banished during this contest, and his name does not occur among the number.

This is only one example of Henry's method of treating the Londoners. They were objects of continual persecution on his part, chiefly because of their wealth, and the jealousy with which they guarded any encroachment on their liberties. The King was in continual pecuniary difficulties. The expenses he incurred by his lavish gifts to the needy foreigners who came over to England with his wife, Eleanor of Provence ; and especially to her uncle, Peter de Savoy ; coupled with his own reckless profusion and the great buildings which he erected—including his palace at Westminster and the Abbey there—all caused him to seek any method of persuasion or oppression by which he might obtain money. During some of his periodical difficulties he was advised to sell his jewels, which were of great value. "Who will buy them?" he asked. "The citizens of London," was the reply. "By my troth," he cried in a fury, "if the treasures of Augustus were to be sold, those citizens would store them up! Those clowns, who assume to call themselves barons, abound in all things, whilst I am without even necessaries." It will not, however,

surprise us to find him thus complaining of poverty when we remember some of his extravagances. Thus in 1244 he spent on the buildings at Westminster upwards of £40,000 in modern reckoning; and in 1246 he assigned £2,591, equal to about £50,000 modern, which was due to the treasury from the widow of one David, a Jew of Oxford, to the building of the Abbey.

The most remarkable events in the City during the reign of Edward I. were connected with the Scotch wars in which that king engaged. On August 23, 1305, Sir William Wallace, who had been brought from Scotland a few days before, was hanged at "The Elms," in Smithfield; his body was quartered, and his limbs were sent to different Scotch towns, while his head was placed upon London Bridge. A little later in the same year, Fraser, a servant of Wallace, and two other Scotch knights, were executed in the same cruel manner, the body of Fraser, however, being burnt; and in the following year another unfortunate Scot, the Earl of Athol, shared the same fate. Nor did Edward's severity rest here, but in 1307, shortly before his own death, a brother of Wallace, together with two brothers of Robert Bruce, were hanged at the same place and under similarly barbarous circumstances.

London was always deeply interested in the wars. The money with which any expedition was paid for came out of the pockets of London merchants.

Nor was this the only reason for their warlike spirit. We find that almost all the armour, which was then so important a means of defence, came from the City. On hearing of the invasion of Louis the Dauphin, in the early part of the reign of Henry III., the merchants sent the King 60,000 coats of mail. The citizens themselves were—all, at least, who could bear arms—accustomed to martial exercises, and took part in most of the expeditions to France under Edward III. and Henry V.; and in the wars of the Roses they were equally active, either on one side or other, or else in their own defence. Thus, during a meeting of the heads of the rival parties, attended by a large number of followers, order was kept in the City by the mayor with 5,000 men, completely armed, whilst three aldermen watched with another force of 2,000 during the night. Of all the City companies, that of the Armourers was of the most importance, and even the great Edward himself was a member of it. Every king of England since his time has belonged to some City company. Edward's French wars were always popular in the City, and the armourers no doubt derived the greatest benefit from them. Iron in those days came from the hills and valleys of Sussex and Kent, which were full of small furnaces for extracting the precious ore from the red earth. Remains of their shallow pits and burnt-out fires are often met with; and it may be of interest in this place to mention that Walter the Smith, otherwise known

as Wat Tyler, of Hilliard, who, in the early part of the reign of Richard II., headed the Kentish insurrection, was one of these iron-founders. Perhaps also we may note here, that the dagger or sword in the City arms, generally supposed to have been granted by Richard to Sir William Walworth for his assistance in putting down this rebellion, had been there long before, and perhaps referred to past services of the citizens in furnishing arms; or more likely to St. Paul, the City's patron saint, whose emblem it was. When the Black Prince and his prisoner, John, King of France, made their public entry into London after the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, we read that the London authorities met him at Southwark, gorgeously apparelled, and conducted him in state through the City to the Savoy; but the most remarkable part of the show on that occasion was, not so much the tapestry hanging from every window, the showers of roses, or the sanded streets, but the extraordinary quantity of arms—bows, arrows, spears, and swords—exhibited by the citizens in token of their warlike proclivities. It was at this time that Sir John Picard, the mayor, entertained four kings—namely, those of England, France, Scotland, and Cyprus—at a banquet in the City.

During the reign of Edward III. cannon were first used, and a manufactory established in the Tower by the King, for powder for his engines,—“*pulvis pro ingeniis suis.*” In 1346 we read of saltpetre and other ingredients being purchased,

“*ad opus ipsius regis pro gunnis suis.*” Edward seems to have superintended this and all other preparations for his expeditions himself; and to this fact we must attribute in a great measure his success. There is a curious story of his unexpected return one day from Ghent, where he had been with his army. He found to his surprise that the Tower was unguarded, the constable being “out of town,” and the deputy absent, as well as many of the inferior officers. In great wrath he sent for the mayor, and charged him, as he valued his head, to arrest and bring before him that same night nine persons who had neglected their duty, and whose names he gave him. They were immediately arrested and given up to the King for punishment—all but one, Sir John de Molins, who took to flight. To those who surrendered Edward acted with great moderation. They were imprisoned for a short time, and then pardoned; but we may be sure they never again obtained employment in any situation of trust. He acted quite differently towards Sir John de Molins. His flight was attributed to a consciousness of having committed treason, and, by the King’s decree, his goods were confiscated without delay. A large quantity of treasure which he had laid up at the Temple in Fleet-street was immediately seized. About the same time the King paid a sudden visit to St. Alban’s Abbey, as he had reasons for suspecting the complicity of the abbot in Sir John’s disappearance. Edward obliged the

frightened monks, who, it seems, had heard nothing of the occurrences at the Tower, to open all their secret recesses and places of concealment. The abbot showed him all without reserve, except one room, which he declared was fastened up. "What does it contain?" asked the King. "Treasures belonging to Sir John de Molins," replied the unconscious abbot. "The very thing I want," said the King; and sending for a smith, he had the lock broken, and seized a large treasure.

A terrible tragedy took place in 1441. The circumstances are singularly illustrative of the manners and superstitions of the times. Henry VI. had been from his childhood weak both in mind and body. He was now nineteen years of age, and, his health not improving as he grew older, a rumour was spread abroad among the common people, by which it was insinuated that some of the King's relations were anxious to shorten his life, in order that they might themselves reap the advantage of succeeding him. By the arts of Cardinal Beaufort suspicion was directed to the Duke of Gloucester, who was Henry's uncle, being one of the sons of Henry IV. He was accused of various treasonable crimes, but the Cardinal failed to substantiate his charges. He determined, however, to obtain the destruction of the Duke, with whom he had been long at open feud. The means he adopted gave him, as a cardinal and a bishop, the greatest advantage in the contest. He fixed upon the Duke's wife as the object of per-

secution. She was accused "of certain articles of negromancie," by which was meant witchcraft or sorcery, together with a charge of heresy and treason.

It was alleged that, in conjunction with a priest named Bullingbrook and two other men, together with a reputed witch named Margery Jordan, she had caused a waxen figure resembling the King to be made; that the conspirators intended, by placing this figure, after certain magical ceremonies, in front of a large fire, to melt it by degrees; and it was stated, and fully believed by the great majority of the people, that, if she had been permitted to treat the effigy in this manner, the King would have also wasted away and been consumed gradually. She was brought up at Guildhall and tried, with her alleged associates; and full confirmation of her crime was extorted from Bullingbrook, who, probably in hope of pardon, deposed that the Duchess had consulted him on certain questions regarding her own fortunes, and had asked him to discover "what should befall of her, and to what estate she should come." This admission was supposed to point to her desire of the crown for her husband: after a short trial, however, she was acquitted of the treason, but found guilty of consulting with the sorcerers, and condemned to do public penance and to suffer a lifelong imprisonment. Stow gives the following account of the manner in which her penance was performed:—

“On Monday, November 13, she came from Westminster by water, and landed at the Temple Bridge, from whence, with a taper of waxe of two pound in her hande, she went through Fleete-streete, hoodlesse save a kercheffe, to Paul’s, where she offered her taper at the high altar. On the Wednesday next she landed at the Swan, in Thames-street”—the position of which landing-place is still marked by Swan Wharf, where the river-steamers land their passengers—“and then went through Bridge Street, Gracechurch Street, straight to Leadenhall, and so to Christ Church by Aldegate. On Friday shee landed at Queene Hithe, and so went through Cheape to St. Michael’s, in Cornhill, in forme aforesaid: at which time the maior, sherifes and crafts of London receaved her and accompanied her.”

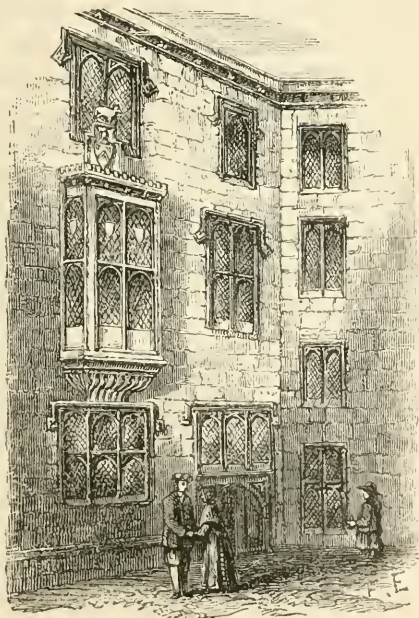
On the following day, the 18th, the unfortunate Bullingbrook was dragged to Tyburn, and, notwithstanding his confession, was hanged and quartered, having first, on his way, standing on a high scaffold in St. Paul’s Churchyard, abjured “the craft of negromancie.” The unhappy woman Jordan was at the same time burnt in Smithfield, whilst the Duchess was banished to the Isle of Man, and remained there in perpetual imprisonment until her death.

Shortly after these events, Henry married Margaret of Anjou, who siding with the Cardinal against Gloucester, the Duke’s destruction was finally accom-

plished. In 1447 he was arrested at Bury St. Edmund's, and murdered the following day in prison. Some accounts, however, relate that his death was caused by disease, aggravated by the excitement of his arrest. As if to justify the Duke's enemies, his servants, to the number of five, were condemned to death, and really hanged at Tyburn, care being taken that their ropes should be cut so as to avert their death, and their pardon was produced at the same moment. It shows the barbarity of the times, that these unfortunate men, who had committed no crime, were stripped of all they possessed, their very clothes being taken from them by the hangman and his assistants.

I have already spoken of Crosby House; and in my account of St. Helen's I shall have occasion to speak of it again. In it was laid one of the last scenes in which the expiring race of Plantagenet took part. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, youngest brother of Edward IV., resided here in 1483, and here, a little later, he accomplished the deposition of his nephew, the young Edward V. Hall, the Chronicler, from whom Shakespeare has adapted the story of his "Richard III.," narrates the circumstances very fully. "When the Protector had both the chyldren in his possession, yea, and that they were in a sure place, he then began to thirst to se the ende of his enterprise; and, to avoyde al suspicion, he caused al the lordes whom he knew to be faithfull to the Kynge to assemble at Baynardes

Castill to commune of the order of the coronacion, while he and other of his complices and of his affinitee, at Crosbie's Place, contrived the contrary and to make the Protector Kyng; of which counsail they were, adhibite, very few, and they very secrete. . . . Little and little all men drew from the tower, where the Kynge was, and drewe to Crosbie's Place; so that the Protector had all the resorte, and the Kynge in maner desolate."



RESTORATION OF PART OF CROSBY PLACE, ST. HELEN'S.

Thus Richard gradually matured the plans which he had formed, and mounted the tottering throne. It is curious to remark that, even if the family of Edward IV. had been set aside, Richard would not have been the next heir, but Edward Earl of Warwick, the son of his brother George, Duke of Clarence. This unhappy boy spent almost all his life in the Tower. The accession of Henry VII. brought him no relief. He was the last male of his house, and in 1499 shared the fate of so many of his family.

After this time Crosby Hall was inhabited successively by many eminent persons; and it is not a little curious to find among the number "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother," the patroness of Ben Jonson, and, through him, possibly of a more famous person than either—William Shakespeare, who had a house nearly opposite in the same street, and who had no doubt many opportunities of studying here the scene of his great historical tragedy.



FIGURE AT PIE CORNER.

LONDON A CENTURY AGO.

WHEN George II. died in 1760 at his villa about three miles west of London, near Kensington, England was in the throes of a war which had lasted with little intermission since the King's accession in 1726. Notwithstanding this, England had reached a pitch of opulence unknown before. The historians of the time speak of it very differently from the way we should now : they say England was rich notwithstanding a National Debt of £100,000,000. If our National Debt amounted only to a hundred millions we would not complain. It amounts now—in time of peace—to upwards of £700,000,000. The conquest of Canada was then the great topic of conversation ; and we may note that new streets were in several places called from the city of Quebec. Two at least were thus named in different parts of the little town of Marylebone, which was at that period being extended in all directions. Its progress westward was stopped by Tyburn, of which I shall have more to say presently ; and there were few or no houses along the Oxford-road from Tyburn

Turnpike, near where the Marble Arch is now, to Kensington. Between Tyburn and Holborn the houses were tolerably plentiful, at least on the southern side of the way: on the northern side it was more open. The Foundling Hospital had a few very fashionable streets about it, and the district of Bloomsbury, Russell-square, Bedford-square, and the rest, answered to our Belgravia and Bayswater.

On the south side of Hyde Park, Piccadilly extended as far as it does now, and was full of builders' yards and plaster works, like Euston-road at the present day. On the site of St. George's Hospital was a turnpike, and just beyond it, the country house of Lord Lanesborough had just been pulled down to make way for the new institution. Near it, facing the park, was Buckingham House, which the young King was about to make his residence, then commonly called the Queen's House. There were few or no buildings, except country houses, further west. Pimlico was a marsh, Belgravia was market gardens. Chelsea was resorted to as Richmond is now; and from Battersea to Lambeth was almost open country, with widely separated villages and a few country houses of rich noblemen.

Lambeth was a little better populated, but the population was not of a very respectable kind. All round the Archbishop's palace were streets and alleys of the worst description. Some of them possessed privileges of sanctuary, and were resorted

to by insolvent persons of all classes, who here enjoyed a kind of liberty and ventured out on Sundays only, being exempt from arrest on that day. Very few houses were to be found in Lambeth Marsh, and where the busy stations we call Waterloo now stand there were open fields with an occasional factory, and a fringe of wharves towards the river. Thus we reach Southwark, at the foot of London Bridge. In 1770 the Borough was very densely populated, and, like Lambeth, with the lowest class. There was another sanctuary here called the Mint, but fifty years before its privileges had been abolished. The debtors' prison, called the King's Bench, as well as the Marshalsea, were between Lambeth and Southwark. Pirates as well as debtors were confined in the latter, which stood close to St. George's Church. We shall have to return to the subject of prison life a hundred years ago.

St. George's Church had not been built very long. St. Saviour's had recently been repaired, but the old nave was still standing.

The Borough was still the great place for theatres. Shakespeare's Globe Theatre had been near the Bridge foot, and Shakespeare's brother Edmund is buried in St. Saviour's. These theatres had sadly degenerated since his time, and in 1770 were used for bull-baiting and such other cruel sports.

But if we could revisit those old times, I think the strangest thing in our eyes would have been the bridge as it existed a hundred years ago.

It had been always a serious matter how to cross the Thames. There was a horse ferry from Lambeth to Westminster until the year 1750 or thereabouts, when Westminster Bridge was completed—not the bridge we see now, but a stone bridge almost on the same site. The Thames there is 300 feet wider than at London Bridge, and the architect deserved great credit for his boldness. Blackfriars Bridge was begun in 1760, and was now approaching completion. And the only other way over the water was London Bridge. In 1770 it was a very different structure from what we see now. A year or two before, it had houses on it—not a double row as previously, but a few here and there, and the remains of the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket in the centre. In 1766 the old half-fortified gateway stood at the southern end, and may still have deserved its name of the Traitor's Gate, from the skulls of the Scots rebels grinning on spikes over the archway. It was like St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell, or the Gate of St. James's Palace, but of stone. The bridge itself was built on abutments and piers of the most primitive kind. It contained no fewer than nineteen arches, pointed, and of course very narrow; instead of only five arches, as at present. For two hundred years a large part of the water supplied to the City was drawn from the river by a water-wheel, which moved under one of the arches. The stream was often very strong, and Pennant, in 1787, speaks of taking boat from West-

minster along the river, but getting out at Old Swan Stairs, to avoid the risk of "adding to the many thousands who had lost their lives in darting down the rapids at London Bridge." He tells us then of walking to Billingsgate and there re-embarking. The present bridge was begun in 1825, and the principal difficulty in the way of the new bridge was the extraordinary solidity of the old foundations and piers. They were like rocks in the river bed.

There is very little change in the outward aspect of the City from a distance in one hundred years. St. Paul's had been finished about thirty years before. There was, of course, no station at Cannon-street nor any railway bridge, but otherwise the difference between London five, and London one hundred, years ago is very slight in outward appearance. There was hardly so much smoke; very few tall chimneys; a few more trees, especially to the left, towards the Temple; the warehouses were lower, and the church steeples consequently looked taller, and there were more houses with gables and perhaps a Gothic window or two. The approaches to the bridge, however, were very different, consisting of a labyrinth of small streets where King William-street now stands. And from the Tower, looking down the river, there were only one or two docks, and a very small number of ships—at least to our modern ideas—and of course no steamers. Where the important St. Katherine's Dock now stands, just beyond the Tower, was a

church and a kind of almshouse or college ; they were moved to the Regent's Park in 1827.

Returning to Southwark, the first thing, perhaps, that strikes us is how soon the streets end and the open country succeeds. Newington Causeway was a real causeway or paved way over some marshy ground, and Newington Butts was what we should call a rifle-ground—only for bows and arrows.

St. George's Fields were still fields in reality, with only a sprinkling of houses. But all about the foot of the bridge was a closely-inhabited district, containing the remains of many fine buildings of older times than these. To the west of St. Saviour's Church was an old Gothic hall, part of the Bishop of Winchester's Palace. It was let in small tenements and divided by floors, though the roof was worthy to be compared with that of Westminster Hall. Rochester House, another palace of the same kind, stood where the Borough Market is now.

The cloisters of the Conventual Church stood on the site of Montagu Close. Lord Monteagle was living there when he got the famous letter about the Gunpowder Plot.

The Globe, Shakespeare's Theatre, was on part of the ground now occupied by Barclay and Perkins's brewery. It was abandoned at the time of the Parliament's proclamation against theatrical entertainments, and was never afterwards revived.

A little way down the river from Southwark was

Rotherhithe, a mere village, generally called Red-riff. Here was the Greenland Dock, into which ships laden with whale's blubber were brought. It was seventy years founded, and was looked upon in those days as quite a wonder. The new church was just finished at this time. The tower and spire are remarkable. Prince Lee Boo was buried here in 1784. The number of houses at this time was about 1,500, and it was growing rapidly.

A little way off, across the fields, was Bermondsey. It is now a little more than a hundred years since Bermondsey Spa was discovered. Tea gardens and grounds like Cremorne were established there. There were some remains still standing of the Abbey and the King's Palace, all which are gone now. In those days the parish contained only about 2,500 houses.

Next to Rotherhithe, and between it and Deptford, came Camberwell. In the year 1787, there were 3,762 inhabitants. The whole parish consisted of gentlemen's country seats, some of them very handsome; there was only one church, the parish church: how many are there now? Peckham was in the parish, and contained about 400 houses; and there were 130 in Hatcham.

We have thus obtained some idea of the size and appearance of South London a hundred years ago. North London was just as different. Hampstead and Highgate were a long way off, and were occupied by the villas of various noblemen and gentle-

men. But we need not pause to notice them; they were, in those days, as little accounted a part of London as we should account Richmond or Harrow. The western extremity of the town was at Tyburn. And the mention of Tyburn suggests so many curious memories that I had better stop to speak, first of the state of London prisons as they were then, and next of the awful scenes which made Tyburn itself so disgracefully famous.

It is hard to understand how persons who were constantly in the habit of using such phrases as "the mildness and humanity of English law," a very common expression among writers of the eighteenth century, could have allowed their gaols to be so mismanaged as they were. A change began when, in 1773, John Howard happened to be sheriff of Bedfordshire. His attention was called to the fact that, after trial and acquittal, prisoners were seldom discharged. He then found the reason to be that the gaolers had no salary but the fees to be paid by each prisoner, and that these were seldom forthcoming. He endeavoured to obtain a mitigation of this evil, and travelled throughout England to prosecute inquiries on the subject. In London, in Howard's time, debtors and felons were almost always confined together: men and women in many cases: men, women, and children in some. A woman was hanged at Tyburn with a baby at the breast, for stealing a piece of lace worth two shillings. There were several cases of children

dying of cold in prison. There were no prison surgeons in London except at Newgate, and three other of the most recently erected prisons. The gaolers always rented the prisons, and made what they could out of the prisoners. At the entrance of every gaol was a tap or publichouse, kept by the gaoler himself in most cases, but sometimes by one of the prisoners. At the Marshalsea, in Southwark, the tap was kept by a prisoner-for-debt from the King's Bench, which was so near that he could attend to his business without going beyond the bounds or rules. It was common for persons who were friends of the prisoners to come in and drink with them. In one place there was a skittle alley, exclusively used by outsiders, who thus prevented the prisoners from taking exercise in their yard. Gaol fever raged so terribly in almost all the London and country prisons that, to give you one example of each, in London in 1750, two judges, the Lord Mayor, several aldermen, the under sheriff, and many lawyers who had attended the March sessions at the Old Bailey, together with most of the Middlesex jury, and a considerable number of spectators, died of this distemper; and at the Taunton assizes, Lent, 1730, the Lord Chief Baron, Serjeant Sheppard, Mr. Pigot the High Sheriff, and more than 200 other people, died of the same epidemic. Prisons do not appear to have been inspected in any way: nay, they were often private property—the Gate House, the chief prison

for Westminster, belonged to the Dean and Chapter, and the town gaol of Salisbury to the Bishop—and this gave rise to many abuses: the gaoler being appointed not for his humanity or any other quality, except his power of wringing a good rent out of his wretched charge. In most places there was no provision made for feeding the prisoners, except perhaps a few pence worth of bread in the day. In others, charitable persons gave small sums of money to be applied in this way, and others sent meat and provisions of various kinds. Legacies, too, were sometimes left. They were, however, administered—as legacies were usually administered in those days. No bedding, or straw even for bedding, was allowed in any prison except out of the charity of private individuals. Water had often to be fetched long distances by prisoners in irons. Even air was often denied through the operation of the window tax, which had to be paid by the gaoler. Another shocking abuse arose from the distances which prisoners had often to go for trial. There were no prison vans, and you might often meet along a country road a gang of unhappy creatures—men, women, and children—dragging heavy irons to prevent escape, and walking—or rather creeping—perhaps fourteen or fifteen miles to the assize town. When they arrived there, a room or two would be hired for their occupation till after the sessions, probably in some publichouse, and then they would all—men, women, and children, as

I have said—be shut up together, tired, filthy, starving: so that it is no wonder we hear that their shrieks and cries disturbed the whole neighbourhood; no wonder that Mr. Howard was informed at Aylesbury of two men whose toes had mortified after their journey from Hertford; and that another man told him that he and fifteen others were confined in a very small room at Reigate, awaiting their trial at quarter sessions, and were almost suffocated. The keeper confirmed the statement. Yet this man was only arrested in order to oblige him to maintain a child, and being unable at a strange place like Reigate to find securities, was sent back to the County Bridewell, in St. George's Fields, for an indefinite term. This same Bridewell is a fair sample of all. There was no glass in the windows, only iron bars. There were no fires, nor was any firing allowed. The sick prisoners lay on the floor: no bedding; no straw. Allowance, $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. worth of bread per diem. Convicts and all other prisoners together. No infirmary. And yet in this hell upon earth many unfortunates who had committed no crime, and had yet to be tried, were confined. Before trial they had, perhaps, to wait six months or more, and then to undergo the misery of a journey such as I have described to Reigate or Kingston.

When the trial came on, it was not wonderful to find, neither prisoners nor judges were very careful as to the punishment. Almost all crimes were

punished alike: a journey in a cart up Holborn-hill to Tyburn for prisoners in London itself, and the gallows when they got there. The history of Tyburn has yet to be written. It is not a hundred years since the monthly horrors ceased: we can scarcely yet speak of them calmly. But already the exact spot on which the gallows stood is in question, and a hundred years hence it may be difficult to identify any part of the site.

The executions at Tyburn were discontinued in the year 1783. The gallows had been removed further and further westward from the year 1415, when they stood in St. Giles's Fields—probably very near the spot at which Bloomsbury-street crosses Oxford-street; in 1449, or earlier, they had gone as far as Stratford-place, where there was a conduit and other civic institutions—including, of course, a banqueting-house. They reached Tyburn early in the sixteenth century, and remained there for nearly 300 years.

The Eye Bourne, or Burn, rises at Kilburn or thereabouts, and runs in a southerly direction, turning and winding as much as other brooks of the kind; and having given some part of its name successively to Tyburn or t'Eyebourne, Eye Park, or Hyde Park, and Eye Hill, or Hay Hill, it reaches the Thames at the Isle of Thorn-ey,* now called West-

* See p. 29 for a further account of the brook. It is not clear how far the derivation of "Hyde," &c. from "Eye" may be pressed here.

minster—at least, this is its probable direction; but it is not easy to trace now, as what little of it still flows, flows underground. Another stream rises at St. Mary-le-bourne, or Marylebone, and gives its name probably to Conduit-street and Brook-street; a third flowed through Holborn, and a fourth was the Fleet. The Tyburn and the Marybourne are sometimes, as by Dean Stanley, considered the same stream. This is questionable; but they probably met in the neighbourhood of Berkeley-square, perhaps on the site of Lansdowne House, and flowed together to the Abbey. It is impossible now to make very sure of any of these surmises. We only know that the gallows were erected at a place to the west of



TYBURN TURNPIKE. *From an Old China Plate.*

Marylebone-lane—probably, at first, almost adjoining it; and as houses came nearer the open space the fatal tree was moved further, till it took up its most permanent abode at a place where it was almost certain to remain open on two sides at least. This was at the angle formed by the junction of the Edgware and Oxford roads, faced by the Park on one side and by open country on two others. Tyburn Turnpike stood where we now see the Marble Arch, that is, a little to the left of Park-lane (formerly Tyburn-lane); and a little way up the Edgware-road on the right-hand side was an inn, where, a hundred years ago and upwards, the sheriffs and other officials dined after the executions. A stage, much resembling the grand stand at a race, was erected in front of this house for the spectators. During the declining years of the show, the gallows were removed after each performance, and were deposited in the inn-yard till they were next required. After 1783 they remained there permanently, and eventually degenerated into horse-blocks and watering-troughs. A place of execution for soldiers was just within the Park boundary, which consisted of a low wall.

In Hogarth's print of the Execution of the Idle Apprentice, a representation of Tyburn in 1747 will be found, and may be considered tolerably accurate. A long avenue of walnut-trees commenced just within the Park-wall. This is on the left of the

picture. The wall itself is surmounted by a row of spectators. Behind, on the right, stand the gallows; they are triangular, supported by three stout beams or legs, and must have been set up almost, if not exactly, on the site of the easternmost house of Connaught-place. In 1860 a considerable number of human bones were found in digging a sewer under the pathway along the garden-wall of this house. Possibly these were part of the remains of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, who were buried under the gallows in 1661. In 1811, or thereabouts, another large find of bones had been made near the same spot: a pit was dug in the mews, and there they were buried again. It would not surely be difficult to obtain a list of all the criminals who were buried under the gallows at Tyburn.

It has often been asserted that the gallows stood as far to the west as Connaught-square, and a house there, No. 49, is said to stand on the exact site. This is of course quite possible, because, as we have seen, they were by no means fixtures, but were several times removed—generally at each change of place going a little further towards the west. Their last migration, however, was in an easterly direction, for just before their final remove they were set up across the Edgware-road for each execution, where they must have formed a highly interesting, if unpleasant, object to pass on the return from a country drive.

Views of Tyburn, as it was a hundred years ago,

are almost unknown. Hogarth gives one in his *Execution of the Idle Apprentice*, to which we have already adverted. But except incidentally, so to speak, there is no extant representation. The engraving on p. 105 is taken from a china plate in my own possession, and gives a rough but, for want of better, an interesting sketch of the Turnpike-gate. It is, perhaps, seventy years old; on the right, as in Hogarth's print, we see the Park wall. Behind, but surely magnified, are Hampstead and Highgate. A curious iron lamp-post is beyond the gate, and marks the corner of what we still recognise as the Edgware-road. When turnpikes were abolished an iron tablet was set up against the Park railings to indicate its site. How many of the thousands who daily turn out of Oxford-street into Edgware-road reflect that they perchance pass over the very spot where rest the remains of one of the greatest men England has produced? How many recall the words—

“Siste, viator, heroem calcas?”

Yet the fact is beyond a doubt that here—that is to say, at the corner of Edgware-road, probably just where the easternmost house of Connaught-place now stands—the body of Oliver Cromwell, together with the bodies of Ireton and Bradshaw, were buried “under the gallows.” When Connaught-place was built, a cart-load or more of bones were discovered and removed to the adjacent mews, where they were again buried in a pit.

“Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter’s flaw !”

Surely, never were Hamlet’s words better illustrated. Cromwell’s remains having been exhumed from their first resting-place in Henry the Seventh’s Chapel, were conveyed under guard to the “Red Lion” Inn, Holborn, which stood nearly opposite the “Blue Boar,” in the stable of which Cromwell is said to have discovered the letter which determined the question of the King’s execution. Both inns have now disappeared. On the site of the “Blue Boar” is the “Inns of Court” Hotel; and Red Lion-square marks the situation of the other. What is now the square was then the paddock; and it has often been said that during the night of the 29th of January, 1661, on which the remains of the great usurper rested there, some of his old soldiers contrived to steal them and to bury them secretly in the paddock. Another story runs differently, and assigns Northborough, in Huntingdonshire, as the final resting-place of the dead Protector. Another, again, takes him down to the field of Naseby, and deposits him among the slain of his great victory. But all these traditions and rumours—for there were many of them—only show how great was the reluctance with which the public mind accepted the fact of the 30th of January, and how abhorrent to all the feelings of the nation was

the scene which then took place. The three corpses, in their leaden covering, were dragged along the Oxford-road to Tyburn, and hung by the necks upon the triangular gallows, which then stood there. At sunset they were taken down, the heads were hacked off, and the headless bodies thrown into a hole under the gallows, among the bones of the malefactors who had already been buried there. The heads were carried to Westminster Hall, and grinned from the gable for many years. Two or three "heads of Oliver Cromwell" are now in private possession; one (but which?) is probably the real skull—Ireton's and Bradshaw's may supply the others.

Were the bones exhumed at the building of Connaught-place those of Cromwell? It is very likely they were. Very few persons were buried under the gallows, and it is not impossible that the greater part of the "cart-load" was composed of the skeletons of the three great men of the Rebellion. A careful examination of them might have revealed their identity. The leaden coverings would not perish entirely in two hundred years, and perhaps it is not yet too late to make the attempt. In these monument-building days we should have a monument to Cromwell; and if his bones could be discovered, there seems little doubt that a head might be fitted to them and the remains interred with the honour he surely deserves of our nation.

Another memory, connecting these sad times and

their history with Tyburn, is that of the execution here of two of the regicides, in October, 1660. Eight of them had already been barbarously hanged, drawn, and quartered at Charing Cross; but Hacker and Axtel—ominous names—were reserved for Tyburn. They had both been colonels under Cromwell. Axtel was the officer who, at the King's trial, caused the soldiers to cry out for his execution. Hacker was in charge of the scaffold, and led the King out to his death. About nine in the morning of Friday, the 19th of October, they were drawn from Newgate on a hurdle. Axtel was hanged and quartered; but Hacker, although undoubtedly the more guilty of the two, was simply hanged, and his body delivered entire to his friends. The mangled limbs of his companion were exposed in various parts of the City.

A century ago the number of persons hanged in London in the course of a year was usually 29 or 30. In 1771 it was 37, of which three only were condemned for murder. In 1774 the number was 46, two only for murder. In 1773, a woman was burnt for murder; in 1778, one was burnt for coining. Nay, so lately as 1789 a woman named Christian Bowman was strangled at the stake and publicly burnt before Newgate for coining. In 1769, a woman called Lott, who had murdered her husband, had been executed in the same way. In 1770, at one sessions at the Old Bailey, 30 persons were condemned to death; 17 of them were respited, and 13

hanged at Tyburn a fortnight later. They were chiefly young boys, the eldest of the party being only 22. It took five carts to convey them from Newgate.

I have, perhaps, delayed too long over these memories, which, strictly speaking, do not belong to an account of London one century ago; but as Tyburn was then, literally, in full swing, and as it was so soon afterwards abolished as a place of execution, this seems the best opportunity for speaking of them.

As I draw these notes to a close, it may be worth while to inquire a little into the historical events of a hundred years ago in London.

1768, May 10. There was a riot in St. George's Fields. The troops fired, and killed many persons. The epitaph on one of the slain says "he was inhumanly murdered by Scottish detachments from the army."

1769, September 30. There was a similar riot in Spitalfields to resist the introduction of power looms. Two of the mob and a soldier were killed. Two men were afterwards hanged at Bethnal Green for the soldier's death. They protested their innocence to the last, and I fear we must believe their statements. It is not very surprising they were condemned, if we remember that persons tried for felony were, by an excess of barbarity, denied counsel, although in a case like this, in which party spirit ran very high, there would be a great array of legal talent on the side of the prosecution.

In newspapers of this date we have news from

America two months old, and this calls to our minds the difficulties of locomotion. The roads about London were very bad, and were, moreover, infested with highwaymen. On the 14th April, 1770, two gentlemen, coming home across Blackheath, were attacked in their carriage by a robber; one of the gentlemen fired a pistol and shot him dead. They left the body where it lay, and drove on. Just as they came to New Cross, they were attacked again by a man on horseback; and again the same gentleman fired and hit the highwayman, who fell from his horse, but managed to hide in the ditch and to escape among the thickets on the Old Kent-road. In the following month, a young man was murdered by thieves as he returned on foot through one of the lanes near Sadler's Wells. On the 27th of May, two men, sailors I think, were shot by footpads, near Stepney. Nay, to such a pitch had brigandage come, that we hear of a plot being laid to rob the Queen on her way to St. James's from supping in the City. The design was to have been carried out in St. Paul's Churchyard; but, in the words of the historian, "Those execrable villains being employed in robbing Sir Gilbert Heathcote, an Alderman of London, on his return in his chariot from the House of Commons, her Majesty luckily passed them in her coach without being attacked." Most people travelled on horseback, but noblemen and those who were wealthy, by using four horses, or even sometimes six, were able to get about in carriages at

great expense. Coaches carrying the mails lumbered along very slowly, and were constantly the prey of highwaymen. Thus, just one hundred years ago, the Chester mail was robbed in the City-road. The Leeds coach was stopped at Holloway in March, 1769, by a single highwayman, who was wounded, but got off. In the dark, a passenger was tied neck and heels and thrown into the basket before he was recognised. In town, a hackney coach might be had at great expense, but there were no cabs, and it was really a serious matter to take even a journey from Marylebone to the Kent-road. Coming from the village of Marylebone, one would probably have avoided the Park for fear of robbers, and Park Lane for the same reason, as well as the badness of the road. We should have gone along Oxford-road to Holborn, taking care, as we passed the labyrinth of streets on the site of which Regent-street now stands, to carry our swords well in hand and to cock our pistols. Perhaps, however, a clergyman would not have worn a sword, and would have trusted more to his gown and bands to protect him than to his pistols. But the probability is I should not have worn the usual costume of a clergyman (the long black cassock, which still survives in Bishops' aprons, and the gown and bands, to say nothing of the shovel three-cornered hat and the full-bottomed wig); it would be too inconvenient to take so long a journey in. When I got as far as Holborn, I should try to keep company with any

respectable-looking person I could find going the same way till we were well past St. Giles's. I would then turn down Chancery-lane, and at Temple Stairs would try and make a bargain with a waterman to row me down the river to London Bridge. I should cross the bridge on foot, and then, if possible, obtain a hackney coach in Southwark to drive me along the Kent-road towards Deptford. This would cost £1 1s. I might, perhaps, get a seat on one of the Greenwich coaches, which are beginning to ply, morning and evening, as far as Southwark. I should not think of returning to the distant Marylebone the same night, unless I was willing to run the risk of being out all night, and of being, perhaps, robbed and murdered on the way home. The beauty of the severe penal laws was, that if a man robbed you he might as well shoot you, because dead men tell no tales, and if he were caught and convicted, he would be hanged just as surely for robbing you as for killing you. It is very odd that our legislators were so long perceiving the effect of their efforts for suppressing crime by severity. I should, as I passed through Southwark, have admired the light of the numberless oil lamps which had been lately placed in St. George's Fields to mark the way, but which only served to make the darkness of the Kent-road more dismal. I should also, in passing through the streets of London, have congratulated myself and the London public on the brilliant illumination made by the oil

lamps at almost every corner, and, in some streets, even along both sides of the way at long intervals. Of course, I should not admire this feeble light if I had ever seen gas; and, bad as London gas is, it is a thousand times better than anything used before. In houses the chief light was tallow candles; wax was too expensive for common use, and composites were not yet invented. Even to light your dip you had to go through an elaborate process with a flint and steel and some dry tinder in your tinder box.

In conclusion, here are some miscellaneous notes from the newspapers of 1768, 1769, and 1770:—

21st Nov., 1768. The wife of one Shury, a cooper in Westminster, had two boys, being her third and fourth children born in that same year: and her twenty-sixth, counting from the eldest.

A velocipede, “a machine or carriage to go without horses,” was exhibited to the King.

August, 1769. A clergyman and a captain in the army fought a duel in Hyde Park. The officer was wounded.

Advertisement in May, 1769. For a P—e M—r, “who is acquainted with and ready to do all the dirty work of that station, &c. N.B. If a Scotchman, the more agreeable.”

Parliamentary seats were for sale, like livings now-a-days.

Marriages, “with privacy, secrecy, and regularity at the Savoy,” were advertised. “N.B. *Five* private ways by land and *two* by water.”

Curious notices of marriage abounded, thus :—

“Feb., 1769, Thomas Fitzhugh, Esq., to Miss Lloyd, with £10,000.”

“July, 1769, Bysshe Shelley, Esq., to the Hon. Miss Sidney, £80,000.

August, 1770. Chatterton, the boy poet, poisoned himself at Broke-street, Holborn, and was buried in Shoe-lane as a pauper on the 28th. His name is entered by mistake in the St. Andrew's Register as William Chatterton, so unknown was he.

The first Royal Academy Exhibition was held at Somerset House on the 1st Jan., 1769.

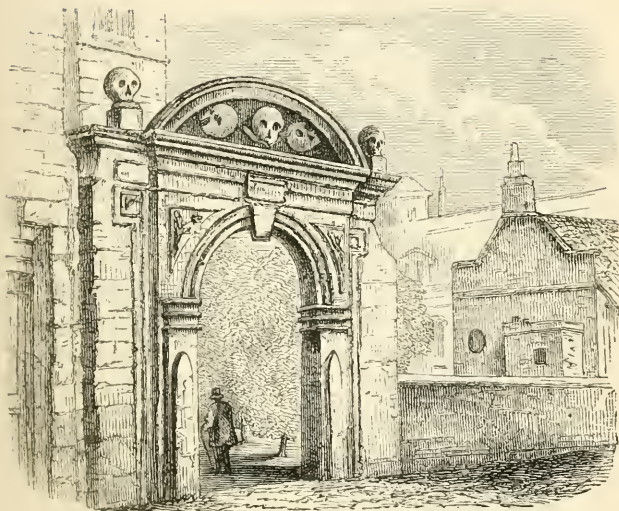
A newspaper of a few years later shows that Messrs. Christie were as busy then as they are now in dispersing works of art. The *Morning Post* of January 24, 1777, advertises — “The valuable collection of pictures of the late Earl of Strathmore, deceased, brought from his lordship's house in Grosvenor-square,” which are to be sold by “Messrs. Christie and J. Ansell, at their Great Room in Pall Mall this day, the 24th of January, and the following day, by order of the Executors.” A hundred years hence somebody may think it worth while to quote the announcement of the sale of Mr. Gladstone's china.

A hundred years ago, too, other things besides works of art were sold as they unfortunately (in respect at least to one of the two) are sold now. The following advertisement presents a curious

combination of purchase in the army and the sale of clerical appointments :—

“ARMY. Wanted to purchase, a Chaplaincy of Dragoons, on the English establishment. Any Gentleman inclined to sell may direct for P. H., with terms, regiment, &c., at the Bar of George’s Coffee-house, Coventry-street.”

PEPYS AND ST. OLAVE'S.



CHURCHYARD GATEWAY, ST. OLAVE'S HART STREET.

“**J**UNE 4, 1703. Samuel Peyps (*sic*), Esq., buried in a vault by y^e Communion Table.” This line, from the parish register of St. Olave, Hart-street, is all the memorial which a grateful country has raised in acknowledgment of the merits of a worthy

citizen, a member of Parliament, a faithful public servant, a President of the Royal Society, a founder of a great University library, and—to mention last the one thing for which his name will be longest cherished—the writer of a ten years' Diary (1659-1669), in one of the most eventful periods of our history.

In 1838, two well-known antiquaries published a book about London Churches. They described St. Olave's at full length. They mentioned all the monuments except one. They enumerated the great men connected with the parish, and quoted Defoe's fictitious account of the Great Plague. Yet they omitted all mention of the most remarkable man buried in the church. They gave no account of his wife's monument, one of the largest the church contains. They said nothing of his "Journal of the Plague," although it is by far the best extant. A few years before Messrs. Godwin and Britton brought out their book, Mr. Smith had deciphered and Lord Braybrook had edited the now famous "Diary." Sir Walter Scott had reviewed it in the *Quarterly*, and Lord Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*. But a six-guinea book, especially so long ago as 1828, was not likely to be very widely known, and people had little more than a vague idea of Pepys' merits until a couple of popular editions, the first in 1848, began to make him better appreciated, and about ten years ago everybody who had read anything had read his Diary. But even now, it is new to many people to

hear that he is buried in the City; and few, even of those who agree in Coleridge's note in his own copy, "*most valuable on many various and most important accounts,*" remember how much he did for learning in his life, and, after death, by his bequests. His library, which was given to Magdalen College, Cambridge, numbers, among other valuable books, two volumes of London topographical views and maps, which he had collected. He was President of the Royal Society, then in its youth; and showed in many ways the practical and benevolent turn of his mind.

For us he is the writer of the Diary. We can hardly think of him without a smile. But when we visit his wife's tomb, look at the bust with which it is surmounted, and read the eulogistic Latin epitaph which was indited by her widowed Samuel; when we look at the monument below, and think that it occupied the same place when Pepys worshipped here, that he must have often read the quaint inscription, and may possibly have determined to mould his own life on the model of the two worthy aldermen there commemorated; when, in short, we stand in St. Olave's, Hart-street, the Diary over which we have so often laughed, and which seems to belong to a period too remote to have much reality for us, seems now to become a living thing, and its author something more to us than a name.

This is one of the few churches that survived the Great Fire, and it possesses many other claims on

our consideration. Here, perhaps, for the first time in parochial history the celebrated experiment of the Duke of St. Albans was tried. In 1672, Sir Andrew Riccard left the advowson to the inhabitants, and with them it has ever since remained. The register books date from 1563, and the curious visitor may still see, under July 24, 1665, the name of Mary Ramsay, with the dreadful "P" annexed, for she was the person who brought the plague into the City, and who, before the year was out, was followed to the tomb by a hundred thousand victims. The organ is said to be one of the efforts of the famous artist Bernard Schmidt, better known as Father Smith, and it is worthy of his fame. The quaint monuments which fill every corner, the venerable arches of the aisles, the beadle with his silver mace, the arms of City companies on the iron-work, the vestry-room with an angel looking down from the roof, the various patterns of the windows, and not least, the quiet, country-like service, renders this one of the most attractive among the minor City churches, quite apart from its connection with Samuel Pepys. Yet, let us endeavour as we will to recall wandering thoughts, it is impossible not to remember that in the pulpit here* Dr. Mills so often "made a good sermon," and at the altar on the 4th November, 1660, "did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer;" that here in November, 1669, he

* But not in the present pulpit, which came from a neighbouring church.

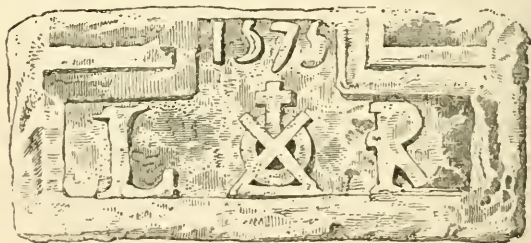
buried Mrs. Pepys, 'so soon after her husband's return from his foreign tour, as her epitaph observes; and here in 1689, Dr. Mills was buried himself. Then, after having survived the last entry in his Diary for more than thirty years, the diarist was borne hither from the house at Clapham, where he had died at "about three-quarters past three on Wednesday morning," May 26, 1703, and was laid under the pavement of the chancel. A hundred and twenty mourning rings were distributed at the funeral, which was performed by Dr. Hickes, the Nonjuring ex-Dean of Worcester, who wrote of him: "I doubt not but he is now a very blessed spirit, according to his motto, *mens cujusque is est quisque*" (as the mind, so the man).

The register spells his name *Peyps*. Immediately below the bust of Mrs. Pepys is a very good example of the early seventeenth-century monument and epitaph. It commemorates two brothers, aldermen, named Bayning, Paul and Andrew, who died respectively in 1616 and 1610:—

"If all great Cities prosperously confesse
That he by whom their Traffick doth increase
Deserves well of them, then th' adventure's worth
Of these two who were Brothers both by birth,
And office, prove that they have thankful bin
For the Honours which the City put them in :
And dying old, they by a blest consent
This Legacy bequeathed, their Monument.
The happy sum and end of their Affaires,
Provided well both for their soules and Heires."

It is pleasant to find for once that the heirs were satisfied.

In 1836, during the progress of some repairs, the bones of Pepys were disturbed, and carefully replaced by the side of his brother and his wife : but it does not redound to the credit of the University and College which he so greatly benefited, nor of the gentlemen who in late years reaped so large a profit from his Diary, that no monument marks the place of his burial, and that even the memorial which alone preserves his name in the church is darkened by ages of London smoke, and made illegible by the damp of two hundred winters. The church has been well and conservatively restored. A handsome encaustic pavement covers the grave of Pepys, but not so much as a "piece of brass" points the pilgrim to the spot.



ARMS OF SOUTHWARK, FROM OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

THE City is very pleasant on Sunday morning. In all its aspects it differs from the same place during the week. It is empty, except of foot-passengers : it is comparatively clean, even in wet weather ; it is free from smoke ; the ringing of the church bells drowns all other sounds. The visitor who keeps his eyes open is surprised at the long views he obtains through streets which he is accustomed to see crowded with vehicles and thick with dust or fog. The day of rest is a real Sabbath in the City. You miss the hurrying throng and the anxious faces. Great warehouses, with their archways and porticoes, are deserted ; the ordinary signs of life are wanting—no children play along the gutters or sit on the doorsteps, as in other parts of the Metropolis ; no doors are open, no carriages are passing ; the people walk in the roadway, and everybody seems to be going to church. Such an impression is of course much modified by a little experience of Sunday in London ; after a time we find that all the people do not go to a place of worship ;

that some of the churches are almost empty, others not half full ; and that as the afternoon wanes many sights are to be seen, many sounds to be heard, sadly at variance with the promise of the morning.

A pilgrimage from the western districts of the metropolis is very different now from what it was when the church we are about to visit was in its glory. Four centuries ago St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, was one of the wealthiest of the religious houses with which London so much abounded. The Prioress owned land in several quarters of the City : Crosby-place was rented from her in the reign of Edward IV. ; she let a house in Lombard-street to Queen Isabella. At the dissolution her income was equal to ten thousand a year in modern reckoning. Yet this was only one of many similar institutions ; the City and suburbs on all sides were full of them ; but within the walls they were most frequent. The City itself was then a place of habitation, and though the religious orders considered it unnecessary to seek the protection of fortifications, and were to be found in Smithfield and Fleet-street as well as at Walbrook and Newgate, with the laity it was not so. Almost all the Londoners lived within the walls. The merchant princes dwelt where they laboured. Cheapside, where now on Sunday morning the long processions of charity children in quaint antiquated costume seem to represent, at once, the coming race, and that long past, was then as resonant as Drury-lane is now. The churches, in which the

beadle and the parish pensioners are often the only worshippers, had then their full complement of lords and ladies, knights, aldermen, soldiers, merchants, tradesmen, and poor ; where we now pass on our way through crowded streets, teeming with life, old and young, until we reach what is the comparative quiet of the City itself, then we should have journeyed through pleasant villages, surrounded by gardens ; and in coming perhaps from the far brook side at St. Mary-le-bourne, should have passed successively through St. Giles in the Fields, with its tall Gothic church, the bare common in front of Lincoln's Inn, the cluster of high-peaked roofs and vine-clad gables about the entrance of the City precincts at Holborn Bars, and descending the hill, between Ely House, with its rich gardens, and the suburban church of St. Andrew, on the right bank of the Fleet, should have enjoyed a view of castles, palaces, monasteries, towers, churches, and spires, such as can now be called up only by the liveliest imagination, assisted by an occasional dip into one of Pugin's romances on copper.

But though the view is now nothing in one sense to what it was, it is very imposing and very beautiful still. The Viaduct and the railways, the vast markets, the tall warehouses, have a double interest, which mere modern buildings, without the associations which cling so close about such a situation, never excite. But endeavouring as we pass to

recall the older glories, we go, by the Grey Friars Monastery, its low comfortless buildings in strange contrast to the vast and magnificent church, where so many royal and noble persons lie buried ; by the sanctuary and collegiate church at St. Martin's-le-Grand ; by the Austin Friars gate, and so through Walbrook and a labyrinth of passages to the fashionable quarter which lay just within the Bishop's-gate ; and then passing through an archway on the right, a little beyond the chief entrance to Crosby-place, find ourselves in what was once an extensive "pleasaunce," laid out with all the art of mediæval gardening, and bounded on the north by the buildings then lately erected by Sir John, on the south by the Priory of St. Helen, and opposite the entrance by a fine church, which, in part at least, remains to tell us of the place as it once was. The little avenue leading to the west door, the double aisles, the chapels, the tombs, and what is better than all, a congregation rare in the city, seem to transport us in a moment miles away into the country, where the busy, heartless town has not yet corrupted the old customs, or destroyed the antiquated buildings.

This is Great St. Helen's. On the right a gable and oriel of Crosby-place remain to serve as a pattern by which all may be restored in our mind's eyes. On the left we have nothing but the back of a row of houses which occupy the site of the nuns' dwellings. These slope across the vacant space, so



CRYPT OF ST. HELEN'S SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

as to come into collision with the church at the farther end ; and there, where priory and chapel met, a crypt was still to be seen seventy years ago. Within the church, at that point, doorways still indicate the situation of the dormitories and of the refectory. The double nave and a chapel on the south are all that now represent the magnificent conventual church. The " Nuns' Aisle " equals the other aisle in size, and both now constitute the parish church. But before the sixteenth century, one-half only admitted the ordinary worshippers, while a high screen divided the congregation from the sisters. If we enter, like the parishioners, by a

south porch, which has now little of its original character, but is interesting as an example of architectural vicissitude, we are at once struck by the peculiarities of the building. A clear space upwards of one hundred feet in length is occupied by the low seats of the congregation, and at the eastern end by the choir stalls, leading up to a railed platform, which serves as a chancel: a fine window some thirty feet in height, filled with glass, of which we need only say it is worthy of its situation, bounds the view in this direction.

The north, or nuns' aisle, is two or three steps higher, and differs much in arrangement. Here are no pews, a few chairs only being required for the overflowings of a well-attended church; the floor is occupied by a series of tombs and monuments, of various ages and styles; and the wall, facing the noble arches of the nave, is a rare museum of archæological specimens, tablets, doorways, niches, and squints. I have already said that the domestic buildings of the priory stood beyond this wall. At the western extremity there is a charming little lancet window, filled with an admirable figure in modern glass; a little farther are two Perpendicular windows, with some remains of sixteenth-century glass. Eastward from these, the buildings of the priory abutted; and the wall is pierced by a series of hagioscopes, at different levels, according as the chamber, to which they admitted views of the holy table, was in an upper

or lower story. The largest opening is of a kind unique in England, but Burgos in Spain and St. Patrice at Rouen supply examples of a similar arrangement of window, tomb, reliquary, and hagioscope. The screen which divided the nuns' aisle from the church was removed at the Reformation; it can never have been a very formidable barrier, and except at high festivals, the sisters probably worshipped without leaving their own precincts.

We cannot help conjecturing what curious looks must often have wandered from the altar to scan the faces of the congregation, when some great prince or noble, attended by knights and squires, came to the church from a neighbouring palace. Here may have knelt in turn the conqueror of Agincourt, the King-maker, the half-imbecile Henry, the fierce and handsome Edward; and here, a little later perhaps, came the usurper Richard, from his house adjoining, and the delicate heiress of Warwick, his wife, to beseech St. Edmund and St. Helen for the healing of their dying boy. To the same church, in after years, when the nuns had disappeared and the saints were forgotten, came, living or dead, many whose names are still remembered. Did not Shakespeare live in Bishopsgate-street? Did not Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother, live in Crosby-place? Sir John Crosby, and his wife, have their tomb on the south side of the chancel. Their effigies are

unusually fine, and almost un mutilated. On the north a still greater man, Sir Thomas Gresham, lies between the magnificent cenotaph of Sir William Pickering and the window of the priory. A window also commemorates the founder of the Exchange, while of Sir William Pickering we are told that "for learning, arts, and warfare, he was the pattern of his age."

Nor are the mural tablets less interesting. One, all glowing with colour and gold, is half-hidden by the Pickering monument; another, over the prioress' window, shows the camp at Tilbury, and the figure of Captain Martin Bond, with his orderlies and his war-horse; close above it again is the epitaph of his father, "The rival of Jason,"

*"Flos mercatorum, quos terra Britanna creavit,
Ecce sub hoc tumulo Gulielmus Bondus humatur."**

Nearly opposite this tablet reposes Sir John Spencer, and adjoining it is the monument of Alderman Robinson, "the glasse of whose life held seventy yeeres and then ranne out;" but perhaps the strangest of all these quaint inscriptions is in the south chapel, behind the organ. Here the visitor will find almost as much to interest him as in the nuns' aisle. On the east, a beautifully moulded

* The flower of merchants who upon the British soil have bloomed,
Behold beneath this monument lies William Bond entombed.

arch, its supports covered with the remains of colour and gilding, marks the entrance to what was the "Chapel of the Holy Spirit." A vestry-room now fills the space, but will be condemned when funds permit. In the south-west corner is a fine, but late brass of a lady in a mantle embroidered with rampant lions. The centre of the chapel is occupied by a large tomb of black marble, bearing on its surface a white carving inlaid to represent a parchment deed, with signature, and seal, and clause of attestation. On it, in text-hand, we read that Sir Julius Cæsar, otherwise Dalmare, Master of the Rolls to King James, *binds himself, when called upon, to pay the debt of nature.*

But St. Helen's has well been called the Westminster Abbey of the City. Within reasonable limits it would be impossible to describe even half the objects of interest with which it abounds. We have only alluded to the best assembly of brasses in London, to the ancient glass which still lingers here and there, to the Elizabethan oak carvings which abound. We have not mentioned the panelled Stuart pulpit; the carefully restored pavement, "semée of spread eagles;" the strange mortuary-chamber of Bancroft's degenerate son; the dole of loaves, spread on a white cloth upon the tomb of an unknown benefactor, as if to remind us by its pleasant odour, fresh from the baker's oven, of the glorious actions of the just, as set forth in Sherley's poem; the hearty service, the surpliced

choir, the orderly ritual. We return to the outer world again with a sigh. No sound from the vortex around it seems ever to penetrate to Great St. Helen's; it rests in the calm centre of the whirl. The citizen who is tired of the turmoil and bustle without, may here find a moment's peace, and be reminded of the quiet simplicity and the hallowing associations he is accustomed to seek only in some remote country village.

And so we return home, unexpectedly refreshed by a Sunday morning in the City.



DR FULLER AND THE SAVOY.



DR. FULLER.

PEOPLE pass along the crowded and busy Strand, some of them for years, without any acquaintance with the quiet little church, surrounded by green grass and trees, which hides itself behind the rows of dingy

houses. When the mob under Wat Tyler broke into the great and rich palace of John of Gaunt, they burnt the greater part of the buildings, if not the whole. They may have spared the chapel. But if they did, it has not been recorded ; and but for the fact that during the hundred and twenty years in which the site lay desolate some burials took place here, we should have nothing to go upon in concluding that any part of the chapel, in which very probably Wycliffe may have ministered, still remained. When Henry VIII., in obedience to the dying commands of his father, rebuilt the Savoy as a hospital, he put it on record that he rebuilt it from the foundation ; and there is nothing in the masonry or mouldings of the architecture to lead us to any conclusion but what this would indicate. The chapel was consecrated in or about 1516, but its history as a London church, strictly speaking, does not begin until the following reign. The Protector Somerset has been often found fault with for pulling down the church of St. Mary-le-Strand ; but as the congregation took refuge at the Savoy Chapel, and as this double employment, both as the chapel of a collegiate foundation and also as the church of a parish, led to its being connected with some remarkable men and some memorable events, and perhaps also saved it from utter ruin, those who are interested in it do not regret the connection. The parishioners of St. Mary's elected a chaplain for themselves, and, by the permission of the Master

of the hospital, he preached and ministered in this chapel. Some famous men held the office of Master, and some famous men that also of Chaplain, but of them all no name now stands out so prominently, as that of Thomas Fuller, who held the latter office in the first year of the reign of Charles II.

There is nothing more remarkable than the way in which the long perspective of past time brings certain figures into prominence, while it suffers others to fall out of sight. When we are near a light-house, the waves seem to dash over it, and at times even to conceal it. But when we are further away the waves are no more seen, while the light shines out clearly and brightly. And so, when we read the life of a good man, when we note the events of his career, when we enumerate his friends, and, perhaps, examine the doings of his enemies; while we trace his steps as he surmounted difficulties, and avoided dangers, and fought through obstructions, till he reached the goal, we are often confused among the names and places, the people and scenes, the events and complications by which his course was marked. But when, after a time, we begin to forget his immediate surroundings, when he becomes more of a historical character to us, we are able to estimate his greatness by the way in which his deeds or his words are still like shining lights among us; and as the people among whom he lived and worked become hidden in the obscurity of ages, we are able to observe how his figure comes out from

those of its associates, and illustrates the same truth now which centuries ago he strove to point to his contemporaries. It is thus, in a remarkable decree, with the character of Fuller. As the quaint epitaph on his monument at Cranford states, he spent his life making others immortal, and thereby attained immortality himself; a sentence which is true of him in a double sense, for though the reference is there first to his great work, the "Worthies of England," it also holds good to the work he performed as a clergyman, and especially to that part of his work which was performed in the Savoy, and among the predecessors of the congregation who still assemble where he for the last time preached the gospel of peace.

Born in 1608, Thomas Fuller was in the prime of life when the great troubles of the Civil War broke upon his country. He lived one year only after the Restoration, and died at the comparatively early age of 53. His career was thus passed among events and trials sufficient to make most men partisans, and to cloud over the most even temperaments. But it is Fuller's greatest praise that, living in the midst of strife, he took no part in it; that nothing shook his faith; that no employment caused him to deviate from the strict path of duty; that the end of his labours was to spread abroad the knowledge of truth, to comfort the fatherless and the widow, to show the cheerfulness of an undaunted Christian spirit, and to make all men know the

possibility of moderation, when passion and prejudice were the ruling powers. What his faith was may be learnt from the quaint sentence he has put into one of his epigrams. It refers to his own name, and is a fair specimen of the solemn play on words in which he so much delighted. It is headed "A Prayer :"—

"My Soul is stained with a dusty colour,—
Let thy Son be the sope, I'll be the Fuller."

And elsewhere, speaking of his infirmities being known to God, he says, most devoutly, "As for other stains and spots upon my soul, I hope that He (be it spoken without the least verbal reflection), who is the Fuller's sope, Mal. iii. 2, will scour them forth with His merit, that I may appear clean by God's mercy." And when asked to make an epitaph for himself, it is said that he humbly replied, "Let it be, 'Here lies Fuller's earth.'"

Fuller began his ministrations in the Savoy, according to his latest biographer, Mr. Bailey, in the year 1641, and he remained here at first for three years. He was in London, therefore, in the most exciting times; and his preaching was thought so much of that it was said he had two congregations, one within the church, and the other consisting of those who could not get in, but crowded about the windows and doors to get within reach of his voice. It is possibly in reference to the hour-glass in the pulpit here that he says, speaking of another preacher, Dr. Holds-

worth, that "whereas the London people honour their pastors for a short hour, his was measured by a large glass:" a sentence which may well be applied to his own preaching. He used his influence, not in adding to the violence of party feeling, which then ran so high, but in endeavouring by all means in his power to make peace among the contending factions; and among the sermons of his which are still extant, there is one, preached here with this aim in December, 1642, just as the terrible war broke out. He chose for his text the words, "Blessed are the peace-makers," and said, "We used to *end* our sermons with a blessing: Christ *begins* his with the beatitudes; and of the eight my text is neither the last nor the least." The *best work*, he says, is *peace-making*, and the best wages, that they who make peace are "*blessed*." Advocating peace, then, he is careful to be moderate even in this, refusing to ask for peace at any price, but peace without any sacrifice of truth. Yet the sword, he says, is the worst way of finding truth, for "it cannot discern between truth, error, and falsehood; it may have two edges, but it hath never an eye."

In addition to this sermon, he has left us an essay on "Moderation," which is well worth reading at the present day. He defines moderation in a few admirable sentences: it "is not a halting between two opinions." . . . "Neither is it a lukewarmness in those things wherein God's glory is concerned.

But it is a mixture of discretion and charity in one's judgment." "The lukewarm man," he continues, "eyes only his own ends and particular profit; the moderate man aims at the good of others and the unity of the Church."

Toward the middle of 1643, he was forced to fly from the Savoy. He did so with the utmost regret, following King Charles to Oxford. His last sermon preached in this church before his departure is also still extant, and prefixed to it is an epistle "to my dear parish, St. Mary, Savoy," full of touching allusions to his sorrow at leaving them, and his hope that peace might at length return. "The longer," he says, "I see this war, the less I like it, and the more I loath it. Not so much because it threatens temporal ruin to our kingdom, as because it will bring a general spiritual hardness of hearts. And if this war long continues, we may be affected for the departure of charity, as the Ephesians were at the going away of St. Paul, sorrowing most of all that we shall see the face thereof no more."

Fuller followed the King's army to the field, and endeavoured to do what he could to succour the wounded and comfort the dying. Another preacher took possession of his pulpit here, and he himself, like many of the clergy of his time, when the war was over, wandered from one place to another, patronised by moderate men, and loved by all. He says: "For the first five years during our actual civil wars, I had little list or leisure to write, fearing to

be made a history, and shifting daily for my safety. All that time I could not live to study, but did only study to live." Yet during this time he projected and in part composed his works, the "Church History" and the "Worthies of England;" the latter, however, not being finished till just before his death. In 1645, he came back to the Savoy for a time, but his own flock was dispersed by the troubles, and it was said of him, as of his Divine Master, "He came to his own, and his own received him not." The few who remained were overawed by the factions which divided London, and were in daily fear between the Presbyterians and the Independents. Yet he preferred a London congregation to any other, for he said, some clergymen wished for a Lincolnshire church, as best built, and others for a Lancashire parish, as the largest, but he liked a London audience, as consisting of the most intelligent people. He did not stay here long, however. He would not give up the Liturgy, and the penalties for using it were fixed that very year at £5 for the first offence, £10 for the second, and a year's imprisonment for the third. He was, therefore, thrown on his own resources, and his means were very small, and wholly insufficient for the support of himself and the education of his son. Brighter days were in store, and he was allowed to remain unmolested as Vicar of Waltham, and afterwards as Rector of Cranford, until the Restoration, when we find him again at the Savoy.

But, in the meantime, its precincts had been further consecrated to him by a melancholy event. His friend, Lord Montagu of Boughton, being suspected by the party in power and arrested, was imprisoned, or rather kept in some kind of restraint, in the Savoy, although a person of "great reverence," as we are told, "and above fourscore years of age;" and, after about two years' confinement, he died here. In Fuller's "Worthies" he is thus spoken of:—"To have no bands in their death is an outward favour many wicked have, many godly men want; amongst whom this good Lord, who died in restraint at the Savoy, on account of his loyalty to his Sovereign."

Fuller's return to the Savoy was marked by such a welcome as few preachers have ever been accorded. His sermons, in which he had formerly endeavoured to preserve peace, now that the war was over, were directed to the mitigation of the cruelties of the party in power. Their influence is mentioned by many of his contemporaries, and among others by Pepys, the diarist. Witty as all his utterances were they were always within bounds. As his biographer says, his wit is all but invariably allied to wisdom, "and very few would rise from the perusal of his pulpit utterances, with a feeling that they had been in the company of one who was irreverent or undevout." Craik said of him, in his "History of English Literature," that "there is probably neither an ill-natured nor a profane witticism in all that

Fuller has written." He was strongly of opinion that sermons should be short, and in his account of an ideal "Faithful Minister," he speaks of him as "one who makes not that wearisome which should ever be welcome;" adding, in his quaint way, an anecdote of a certain professor, "who, being to expound the prophet Esay to his auditors, read 21 years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not."

And now we come to the close. Fuller was made, without solicitation, a Royal Chaplain, and prepared a sermon to preach at court. But it was otherwise ordered. Before the day appointed for its delivery, the preacher had left the pulpit for ever. A greater King had summoned him. On the 12th of August, 1661, being Sunday, he preached in the Savoy. It was for the last time. He felt unwell, and his friends would have kept him from making the exertion. But a member of the congregation was to be married on the following day, Monday, and Fuller lovingly undertook to wish the wedding couple well in a special sermon, a good custom which still obtains in the Savoy. He said he "had often gone into the pulpit sick, but always came down well, and he hoped he should do as well now by God's strengthening grace." Before he began, he told his congregation he felt ill, but by a strong exertion he got through, and, as his biographer records, "he very pertinently concluded." A christening was to have followed, and he would have made an effort to officiate; but the fever had now taken its hold.


He was carried from the church half fainting, and, being taken to his lodgings close by, he was put to his bed, and he never rose from it again. So Monday and Tuesday passed, and on Wednesday he was much worse. He had been insensible, but as his strength abated his senses returned. Many friends stood round him. He begged them to pray for him, and joined fervently with them, "recommending himself, with all humble thankfulness and submission, to God's welcome Providence." He would not, as the last scene drew near, allow anyone to weep. He begged them to restrain themselves, to refrain from tears, and spoke of his departure as a translation to a happy eternity. Though he had before counselled men to make their wills early in life, that so, when they came to die, they might "have nothing to do but to die," he had made no will himself, having probably little to leave. And now he refused to be disturbed by any thought of worldly affairs. Even the book by which his name has chiefly lived, and which was still unpublished, he did not speak of at all. His thoughts were all engaged on the world to which he was hastening. No regret for the career which had so lately been re-opened to him—no sorrow for the loss of the Bishopric to which he was already designated—nothing but love to those around him, and hope of the heaven before him. One more night he lived, and on the morning of Thursday, the 18th, passed away in peace; and so, as his

biographer says, "The last view of the faithful minister represents him as assuming, in place of the lawn of the Prelate, the shining raiment, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white it: a whiteness mixed with no shadow; a light dimmed with no darkness."



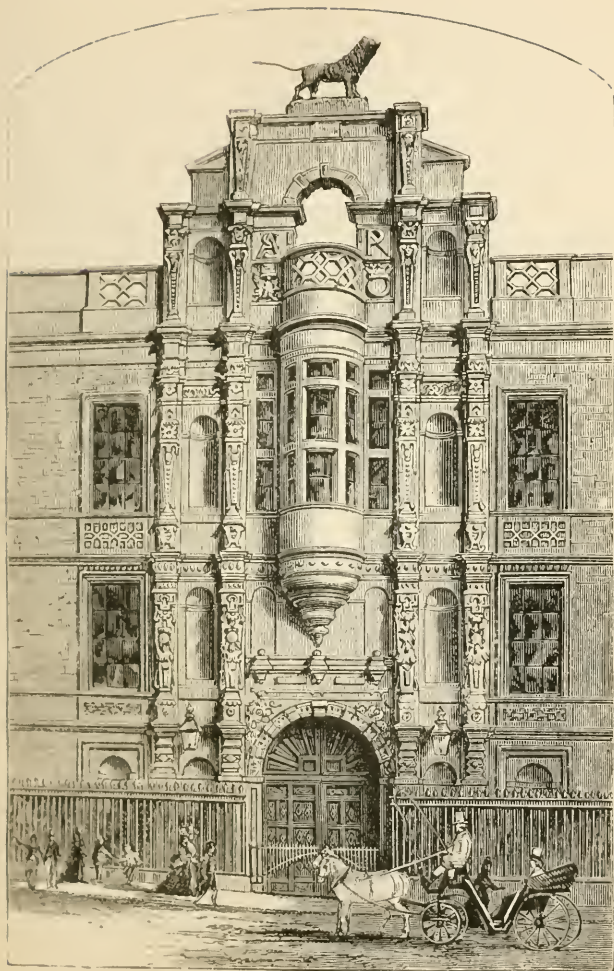
THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY, AS IT APPEARED FIFTY YEARS AGO.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.

HE removal of such a landmark as Northumberland House must be the cause of a certain amount of regret. Sorrow is much tempered, however, by an examination of the interior of the building. If ever a building could be said to have put its best foot first, it was this. The centre of the Strand front, and the turrets at either end, are all that was beautiful or interesting in the whole house. After them, any enthusiasm which might have been felt for its preservation had to depend on the historical, sentimental, and archæological associations of the place. And they are but meagre. The fact that Northumberland House is the last of a row of palaces which once began at Baynard's Castle, in the City, and ended at Westminster Hall, gave it a claim to our regard. Within the walls one or two remarkable events took place, and General Monk here held some of his meetings with the Royalists before the restoration of Charles II. And the plan, which was of the type known in France as *entre cour et jardin*, becomes extinct

among us by the demolition. It would not be easy to say any more than this in its favour. It was as ugly, as inconvenient, and probably as uncomfortable a family residence as any in London. Many people are by no means convinced of the expediency of removing it; and it may turn out that the public will not gain materially by the sacrifice. It must be remembered that not only do we take away a relic of antiquity with a fair amount of historical interest attaching to it, but we do so at the expense of half a million of money; and, as far as we are aware, no very commendable design for utilising the site acquired at such an expense both of feeling and of cash has yet been put forward.

The history of Northumberland House has been detailed more or less correctly in almost every London newspaper within the last two years, and is to be found, with less, rather than more, correctness, in all the London guide-books. In reality, however, there is very little to tell about it. The street front only towards the Strand bore any traces of the work of Bernard Janson or Gerard Christmas, and even this was greatly altered and not improved. It had over the oriel the initials and badges of Algernon Seymour, who was Duke of Somerset for fourteen months, from 1748 to 1750, and who had inherited the representation of the Percies on the death of his mother some five-and-twenty years before. His daughter, Lady Elizabeth



GATEWAY, NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.

Smithson, carried on the reparation and alteration of the house in conjunction with her husband, who was the first Duke of Northumberland of the present family. In their time probably the corner turrets were lowered to the height they had before the demolition. Towards the end of the last century any marks of antiquity remaining were carefully wiped off the exterior, and a fire some few years ago completed the transformation of the interior. The side next the Strand had originally an open-work parapet, formed of the letters of a motto, probably that of the busy and scheming Henry Howard, Surrey's second son, who was Earl of Northampton during ten years before 1614, and who built the house. A letter fell down in 1619, during the passage of the funeral of Queen Anne of Denmark from Somerset House, and killed a bystander, for which reason the other letters were removed. At least so runs the story, with the impossible addition that it was the letter S from *Espérance en Dieu*; how the Percy motto came on the parapet more than twenty years before the Percies themselves came into the house, we are not informed. In fact, to judge from a letter quoted in the recent Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, the family had no town house at this time, for one of them writes in 1623 to Lord Middlesex to excuse himself from calling on him, because he has no house nearer town than Syon. There is some difficulty, too, in the received accounts

of the descent of Northampton House, first to Suffolk and then to Northumberland. Mr. Craik expressly states that the Earl who built it gave it as a New Year's gift to his grandnephew, the second Earl of Suffolk; but it is not easy to believe that Northampton did anything so generous except for a consideration. Lord Suffolk again gave it away. Perhaps it was a kind of white elephant. It must have always been expensive to keep up. But Suffolk's son-in-law was well able to make use of the gift. From his time it is identified with the fortunes of the Percies, and during the Commonwealth and afterwards was the scene of many of those dubious but apparently successful efforts which the tenth Earl made for keeping himself in power under any form of government. His granddaughter, the wife of the "Proud" Duke of Somerset, and the favourite of Queen Anne, is immortalised as much by Swift's hatred as by her strange history and great possessions. It was when the Irish Dean lampooned her for her red hair, warning England to beware of carrots from Northumberland, and accusing the Duchess of complicity in the murder of her second husband, the victim of Königsmark, that he cut himself off for ever from all chances of a seat on the bench of Bishops.

Northumberland House must have been singularly unsuited to the requirements of family life at the present day. The street front was practically separated from the rest of the house, and contained

at least two unconnected residences. The rest of the house resembled an H in plan. The cross-bar was formed by an entrance-hall or corridor, with some reception rooms towards the garden. This was said to have been originally built by Inigo Jones, but it retained no traces of his handiwork. Two wings at the back partly enclosed the garden, that on the west containing a great gallery upwards of a hundred feet in length, but badly lighted; the east wing consisted only of offices. There was a low wall beyond the garden towards the embankment, but the view over the river was neither extensive nor attractive, its chief feature being the dome of Bedlam, which rose conspicuously in the background, flanked by tall chimneys. Bedlam, indeed, has travelled nearly all round Charing Cross. It stood three centuries ago near the site of the present National Gallery, whence it migrated to Bishopsgate, and at last went across the river and settled down exactly opposite its original station. The garden, owing to the slope of the ground, is at a much lower level than the Strand front, and has the cheerful and verdant appearance of other London gardens where the grass has grown long and rank, and only half covers the naked clay below, while the trees are miserably stunted and black with smoke. The great staircase stood to the left of the entrance. It probably supplanted an older, and possibly a more picturesque, structure on the same site, under Janson's turret, but for a

long time it had been the best feature of the house. Yet, costly as was the ormolu balustrade, and handsome as were the marble steps and pilasters, they were not much more substantial than the ornaments of the other parts of the house, in which stucco, gilding, and scagliola were the chief ingredients in a magnificent effect. When the walls were covered with tapestry or pictures, and especially when the floors were occupied with people, all must have looked very different. At Knole or Haddon the architectural features which would disappear with the furniture might not be very great; the windows, the oaken floors, the panelled walls, the groined roofs would still remain. In Northumberland House there was nothing of this kind—nothing, in fact, but what might be expected when we read in Brayley's description that at the beginning of the present century a very general repair took place under the direction of the brothers Adam. Even this, however, will hardly account for its being more ugly by many degrees than the Adelphi Terrace, though it will account for the prevalence everywhere of plaster work and paint for stone. Successive architects, including, it is true, many of eminence, had managed to reduce it in two hundred and fifty years to an extreme of ugliness seldom, if ever, equalled even in London. So many cooks never perhaps before more completely ruined a pudding. And nothing could have improved it. The faulty arrangement by which the best rooms were hidden

from the sun, which must have shone chiefly on the offices and seldom on the inhabited parts; the absence of those conveniences of hot air and water which are now to be found in the most humble dwellings; the interminable length of corridors and passages; the want of concentration; the suites of apartments which opened only out of one another, and were therefore almost useless for the purposes of modern life,—all these things must have made Northumberland House a singularly disagreeable residence, notwithstanding its great dignity.

The change when it is swept away will be very great, but the difficulties of making a good use of the site will be almost insuperable. The slope to the level of the Embankment is steep, and would admit of very picturesque treatment, but as the direct road will not square with any of the existing roads or buildings, it is difficult to see how any better design than that of Sir James Pennethorne can be suggested. By this scheme the destruction of Northumberland House might have been avoided; and a graceful curve, such as that which produces in the Quadrant in Regent Street one of the most satisfactory architectural effects in London, might have been happily employed. To lay out the slope with terraces and flower-beds may perhaps be thought a pleasing idea, but it is hardly worth the price paid for it. If buildings are to occupy the ground with a street leading straight to the Embankment, the hill must be such as to make the

approach to the river extremely inconvenient ; and if traffic cannot be persuaded at present to use the road through Whitehall Place, neither will it be tempted by a heavy declivity to drive over the site of Northumberland House.

A very much more sweeping measure, by which the magnificent bend of the river at this point might have been made available for a pictorial effect, could only be carried out by some Baron Haussmann. Yet short of something of this kind it will be almost impossible to do anything at Charing Cross which will be a real improvement. When Whitehall with its gateway blocked the road to Westminster ; when Spring Gardens and Leicester Fields, and the Abbot's Garden and Long Acre surrounded the village of Charing, while the river lay open at the fourth side and the great spire of St. Paul's was visible from Hedge Lane or the Reading Road, the place of Northumberland House was filled by the alien Priory of St. Mary Rouncival, whose chapel extended to the water's edge ; and if we could bring back the ancient buildings as well as the gardens, and could make a break in the endless row of brick walls which covers so many miles without interruption, we should do something satisfactory with the place. But, short of the execution of some wild scheme like this, nothing will now much improve the appearance of Charing Cross ; all the land we have bought for our five hundred thousand pounds is a mere flea-bite, and all that

can be done with it is of very little consequence. We shall be glad of course if it can, even in part, be left without buildings ; but we must have all felt that sooner or later, with or without good reason, Northumberland House was doomed to go. Just two hundred years ago the progress of the spirit of improvement began on this bank of the Thames by the removal of Essex House, which with its gardens was outside Temple Bar. Steadily has the wave swept forward till Paget House and Arundel House, Durham House and York House, and many more, have one by one disappeared. The palace of the Protector Somerset retains not even the ancient plan. Of the Savoy there is nothing left but the chapel ; and Northumberland House alone survived to tell in our time of the glories of the days gone by.



HOLLAND HOUSE AND LADY SARAH.



HUNDRED years ago and upwards London was surrounded at a short distance by villas: they could be reached from town in about the same time by a coach and four which it now takes us to get thirty miles into the country. Such were Arlington House, now Buckingham Palace; Nottingham House, now Kensington Palace; Canons, Tottenham Court, and, in older times, Havering, Greenwich, and Kennington. Montagu House (now the British Museum), and Bedford House (the gardens of which remain as Bedford Square), Apsley House, and Burlington House, were a little nearer home; but excepting those which are more or less in public hands, as national institutions or royal palaces, almost all have been overwhelmed by the tide of brick and mortar which daily creeps further and obliterates more and more the gardens and green fields. Fulham Manor House, the country residence or "palace" of the Bishop of London, is an exception, as we shall see in the next chapter; but it has little of the picturesque to recommend it to

sight-seers, although it is probably the oldest inhabited house in England. Lambeth Palace is, strictly speaking, a town house ; and it would not be easy for me to name a third suburban residence of the kind if I pass over that whose name heads this page.

Holland House, therefore, is interesting to Londoners as the relic of an age and a phase of manners now long gone by. And it is, moreover, interesting intrinsically for three things in which it has few rivals in England : its beauty, its historical associations, and the works of art it contains. It is, to begin with the first of these, a very charming specimen of a style of architecture which should commend itself to the tastes of Englishmen, as the last of native growth. The development of art in building presents a regular series or succession, from the days when our Saxon ancestors dwelt in wooden huts or in hovels of mud and stone to the days when Sir Walter Cope founded the centre and turrets of Cope Castle, in the manor of Kensington, and when his son-in-law, the first Earl of Holland, changed its name to Holland House, and completed the building. There is perhaps no contrast in nature more pleasing than the artificial one between red brick and green trees. It makes even the square, pseudo-Italian mansion of the Georgian period look picturesque in a well-timbered park ; and as we approach Holland House from among the narrow crowded streets or the lath-and-plaster of the new suburbs, the views through an avenue of

ancient elms, green even in London, of the quaint red turrets, the shaped gables, the arcaded terraces, the many-paned oriels, are twice as charming as anything that has been built so near London since. We first see the south side of the house. It is the most picturesque, and was formerly the front. But now the avenue passes to the east of the house, and the hall door is at what used to be the back. Beyond are the pleasure-grounds and the Dutch garden, with their yew hedges, clipped borders, heavy cedars, statues, avenues, arbours, and archways. Everything is in the state in which our generation found it when they came into the world. Nothing of any importance has been altered, for though the public entrance is now on the north, the fabric of the building is hardly disturbed. As I have said, the old entrance was at the south side ; facing it were Inigo Jones's piers and gateway, and the front of the house was thus first approached by the visitor. Now, the piers have been removed to a terrace in the pleasure-ground ; the porch leads only into a garden, and the chief entrance is at the eastern side. On the whole, however, few exteriors of the period have been less altered than this, a fact the more remarkable when we remember the number of different families by which the estate has been held, and its so dangerous proximity to the metropolis.

The mention of the different owners to whom the place has belonged brings us to the historical asso-

ciations which crowd about Holland House. It may be said that any house more than two centuries old and less than two miles from London must be full of such memories. This is, perhaps, true; but the names which occur to the memory with the mention of Holland House are such as no other place of the kind can boast. Lord Macaulay, himself something more than a name to be only mentioned in this connection, says of it in a famous essay, and speaking only of one generation, that the survivors—now, alas! few, if any—will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner of the Library and the last comedy of Scribe in another, “while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua’s Barette, while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation, while Talleyrand related his conversation with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz.” These are only the names of one generation; but in a charmingly illustrated book, written by a lady* who long resided at Holland House, we are enabled to trace the steps of many other great men and women, and to bring the history and memories of the place down to the present day. There are so many interesting facts to be recalled that it would be impossible, in our present limits, to do more than mention a tithe of them. But as the history of a lady who narrowly missed becoming

* “Holland House,” by Princess Marie Leichtenstein. Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Queen of England occurs among them, and is, on the whole, less known than some of the others, I will confine myself for a few pages to it alone. I may take her story, then, passing by the many anecdotes of Addison, of Charles James Fox and others of his name, of the first Lady Holland (Lady Sarah's sister), of the second Lady, of the third, who is the Lady Holland of Macaulay, of Sydney Smith, Lord Lansdowne, Hookham Frere, Rogers, Brougham, and many more whose lives belong either to the history of our literature, or to that of the country at large.

Lady Sarah Lennox was the daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, grandson of Charles II. and the Duchess of Portsmouth. Her mother was Sarah, daughter and co-heiress of William, first Earl Cadogan. Everyone who visited the Royal Academy during the exhibition of Old Masters some years ago will remember a charming picture by Reynolds, in which Charles James Fox, then about thirteen, is represented walking in the garden of Holland House with his cousin Lady Susan Strangways, while his young aunt, Lady Sarah Lennox, looks pitying from between the mullions of an oriel window at the dead bird which Lady Susan holds up to her. This picture is at Holland House, and a great part of Princess Leichtenstein's book is taken up with stories of the three figures represented in it. Walpole speaks of Lady Sarah's beauty at an early age: "When

Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive." Her sister was the wife of the owner of Holland House, and Walpole saw her there on this occasion in an amateur theatrical performance. Her brother-in-law described her (in a memoir in MS. preserved at Holland House) as having "the finest Complexion, most beautifull Hair, and prettyest Person that ever was seen, with a sprightly and fine Air, a pretty Mouth and remarkably fine Teeth, and excess of bloom in her Cheeks, little Eyes," and so on; but he adds: "Her Great Beauty was a peculiarity of Countenance, that made Her at the same time different from, and prettyer than, any other Girl, I ever saw." The father of this marvel of perfection was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to George II., whose grandson, the young Prince of Wales, had many opportunities of seeing and admiring Lady Sarah. In some papers by Mr. Henry Napier, we are informed that his admiration "ripened into an attachment which, as I have been told, never left him, even in his most unsettled moments, until the day of his death." When he ascended the throne as George III. she was but fifteen, and seems to have been as free from affectation, and, indeed, as sweet a character, as any we read of. She refused one day to tell a lie—even a white one—to please the King, and we find him saying of her that he liked her because she spoke her mind so frankly,

and was so utterly devoid of guile. The King, according to Mr. Napier, made a confidant of Lady Susan Strangways, asking her at a Court ball when Lady Sarah was not present, "When she meant to leave town?" "I intend to remain for the Coronation, Sir," was her reply. "But," said the King, "there will be no Coronation until there is a Queen, and I think your friend is the fittest person for it; tell your friend so from me."

The next time Lady Sarah Lennox appeared at Court the young King led her aside and asked, "Has your friend told you of my conversation with her?" "Yes, Sir." "And what do you think of it? Tell me, for my happiness depends on it!" But whether Lady Sarah was frightened at the giddy elevation thus offered her, or really did not fancy the King, or had some other attachment, or, as is more likely, already showed signs of the good sense and presence of mind which she transmitted in so large a measure to her sons, her only answer was, "Nothing."

We next hear of her as romping with an old playmate, Lord Newbottle, and apparently forgetful of her Royal admirer. Then she goes into Somersetshire, gets thrown from her horse, and breaks her leg. On this event Lord Newbottle seems to have jested, while the King was full of tenderness, making anxious inquiries, and even, it seems, proposing to go to see her—greatly, no doubt, to the horror of the Court officials. When her brother-in-law, Mr. Fox,

and her uncle, Mr. Conolly, are at the Palace, George is most particular in his inquiries, and shudders at the description of her sufferings. This was in April, 1761, and in a few months we find her again at Holland House, and the King's attentions more marked than ever, though it seems as if, after the rebuff he had received, he took care not formally to renew his offer. Meanwhile, the courtiers were alarmed, and especially the members of the Royal family. Something must be done at once. Lord Bute, and with him probably the Princess Dowager, opposed the idea with their utmost influence. Colonel Graeme was deputed to visit various little Protestant courts, and to report upon their eligible Princesses. The King left it to the Privy Council whether he should marry to please himself, or to satisfy the claims of Royal rank. The Council decided against him, and he submitted. Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg was chosen, her name was announced to the Council on the 1st July, and on the 16th the romance of his youth came to an end. The King and Lady Sarah met; the King was confused; the lady was dignified, nay even, we read, cross, and in secret she confesses that she had a "cry" of two hours' duration. But the sickness and death of a pet squirrel immediately took up all her attention; she wept longer for it than for the loss of a crown, and we find her shortly afterwards first bridesmaid at the Royal marriage, when the King kept his eyes fixed on her during the whole cere-

mony, and Lord Westmoreland, who was near-sighted, mistook her for the new Queen ; and then we only know of her further relations with Royalty that the King never forgot his friendship for her, and that the Queen behaved to her throughout life with undeviating kindness. In 1762 she married Sir Charles Bunbury, and after his death Colonel George Napier, a younger son of the Merchistoun House, and by him became the mother of Sir Charles, Sir George, and Sir William Napier, brothers whose achievements reflect more lustre upon her than even the King's admiration could have done. Once more we hear of her in a touching anecdote which connects her name and his. In 1814 Dean Andrews preached a sermon in aid of an institution for the relief of the blind. The preacher spoke of the King's blindness, and the interest he had taken in this infirmary from his sad experience. It was in St. James's Church, and a person who was present relates that on one of the seats sat an elderly lady, who appeared to feel deeply these allusions in the sermon. She wept tenderly, and at the end of the service was led out of church, being herself helpless from loss of sight. It was Lady Sarah. She survived both the King and Queen, and died in 1826, preserving her remarkable beauty until the end.

So much for Lady Sarah Lennox. Whether King George did wisely or not may be a question. But speculators on what might have been, can

hardly help contrasting the active and heroic lives of the sons of Colonel Napier, with the miserably selfish and degraded careers of more than one of the sons of George III.

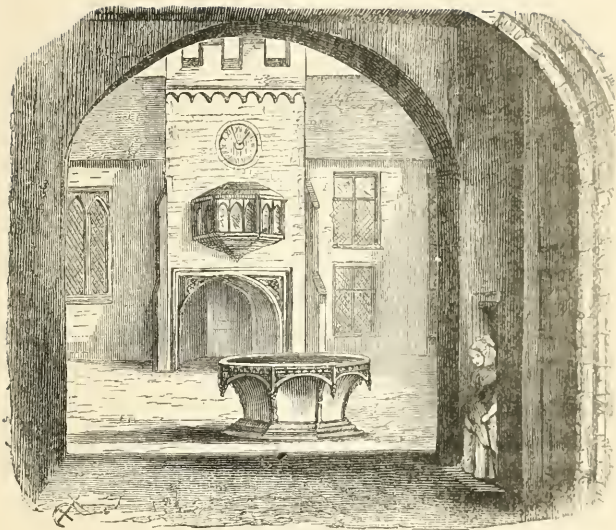
I must not take leave of Holland House without a moment's glance at the wonders of the interior. Taking the Library Passage alone, a kind of museum in itself, we find there Addison's portrait, about the authenticity of which authorities are so much divided; next a picture of Benjamin Franklin, then Lope de Vega; then a copy of Titian's Galileo, and Machiavelli, Locke, and Madame de Sevigné. A sketch of Edward VI. by George Vertue, the engraver, presented by Horace Walpole, and a drawing by Reynolds of Lord Ossory, are among the minor portraits. Then a photograph of the members of the Congress of Paris in 1856, with the signatures of the assembled Plenipotentiaries below; near it a miniature of Catherine of Russia, with an autograph letter annexed. On either side of the Empress are the likenesses of Napoleon and Robespierre; and near the photograph of the Congress a miniature of the Prince Regent, a little bust of Earl Grey, and a portrait of George Tierney. Fox has written on the back of Robespierre's likeness, "*un scélérat, un lâche, et un fou.*" In other parts of the room are pen-and-ink sketches of Gibbon, Voltaire and his friends, a letter from Voltaire, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at dinner, a view of Beethoven's Cabinet by moonlight, a

crowquill portrait of the Young Pretender, Joseph Addison's last signature, of which a fac-simile is given, as well as of the Empress Catherine's letter, and above this autograph a frame containing a piece of wood from the door of the room at Ferrara in which Ariosto died in 1533. The passage also contains portraits of Milton, Burke, Reynolds, Benedict XIV., and George Selwyn. The author of the book mentioned above tells this anecdote of the window of the Library Passage :—" In the southern window is a pane of glass, removed from the window of what, we believe, used to be Rogers' dressing-room in the east turret. Upon this frame of glass are cut some lines by Hookham Frere. They date from October, 1811, and run as follows :—

‘ May neither fire destroy nor waste impair
Nor time consume thee till the twentieth Heir,
May Taste respect thee and may Fashion spare.’

To which we add a devout amen ! and to which Rogers is reported to have said, ‘ I wonder where he got the diamond.’ ”

FULHAM.



GATEWAY, FULHAM MANOR HOUSE.

THERE is perhaps something of paradox in saying that, though Fulham Manor House is, in all probability, the oldest villa residence in England, it has not a single feature which dates further back than the middle of the sixteenth century. Yet undoubtedly

the manor belonged to the Bishop of London long before the days of the Confessor, even though we hesitate to accept Wharton's *dicitur* that it was granted to St. Erkenwald by Tyrhtilus of Hereford in or about the year 691, with the consent of Sigehard, King of the East Saxons, and Conrad, King of the Mercians. Bishop Erkenwald is no more a mythical personage than his recent namesake, Bishop Archibald; nor yet is Bishop Tyrhtilus. But all we know with certainty of Fulham is that before the Conquest it was held directly of the King—by the service of praying for the royal soul; and that it was probably granted to an early Bishop by the King himself. In point of antiquity as an episcopal residence, Hartlebury almost equals it. The Bishops of Worcester have resided there since the foundation of the see, but, like Fulham, little or nothing remains to it of any building erected before the fifteenth century. In historical interest Fulham far surpasses its western contemporary, for all the Bishops of London have occupied it; and some of the most important events in the annals of the Church have their scenes laid within its boundaries. It has never indeed vied with Lambeth, except in its superior antiquity. Nor has it, like the Kentish manors of the Archbishops, been at any time deemed worthy of royal envy. Its nearness to London seems even to have saved it from the perils of any royal visits except those of the progress-loving Elizabeth and James. And perhaps this very

nearness has also saved it in other ways, and will account for its being so little known among sight-seers. It is too far for the regular London visitant, and too near for a special excursion. Parties of pleasure to Putney or Wimbledon point, as they cross the bridge, to the "palace" buried among its trees : a certain air of mystery seems to hang over it,—no one has time to stop and go out of the way to visit it. And so it has remained where it was placed a thousand years ago or more, till the very earth all around it has grown up and helps to hide it from the great city which surges, street after street, villa after villa, up to the very moat, and, passing by, gathers again on the other side, but leaves it alone.

There is a sleepy air about it too. The little red court, the quiet gardens, the dark trees, slumber in the summer sunshine : in winter they seem to hibernate. When the Bishop holds a reception, and Compton's fine avenue by the moat, and the little entrance lodge, and the low gateway echo with the driving of carriage wheels, while clerical friends and gaily dressed ladies exchange salutations on the sandy sweep or the smooth-turfed lawn, the genius of the place seems to vanish. To recall it we must visit Bishop Tait's chapel, or the library of Bishop Porteus at opposite extremities of the garden front, and while studying the brown-backed folios, or scanning the solemn row of portraits, or endeavouring to identify the mitred escutcheons in the

windows, to renew the memories which still haunt the place, and people it with figures more in accordance with its historical dignity. It is true, this range of building is wholly modern. Fulham was visited in 1715 by Vanbrugh and Wren—ominous names—and all that lay to the northward, the bake-house, the pastry-house, and many other (now disused) offices of the ancient Episcopal menage, were removed, while in more recent times all that now fronts to the east was built, to use the words of Brewer, “in a style eminently chaste.” Still, some sixty rooms were left in the older part; and to improve or restore these has been, though in a languid way, befitting the character of the house, the object of several successive occupants. Bishop Blomfield and Archbishop Tait are to be thanked for a more active course. Most of what is interesting now was preserved and created by their care. The history of the house is clearly written on its walls and in its surroundings. The new chapel, the substantial rooms toward the garden, the red gables of the older part, the venerable trees, the church beyond just rising above the intervening foliage, are all crowded with memories more or less sacred. The very incongruities and anachronisms of the building have their story. The summer house, in which Bishop Bonner examined his victims, nestles under the trees which Bishop Compton planted; while the sunshine enters Bishop FitzJames’s hall through windows dight with the heraldry of Bishop

Tunstall and Bishop Blomfield, and rests warmly on the carved mantelpiece and panelling of Bishop Sherlock.

The name of Bonner seems to call up the clearest, if one of the least pleasing, pictures. Many attempts have been made of late to whitewash his character, with but indifferent success. A stain is upon his hand which all the perfumes of Araby will not remove. He and his coadjutor Gardiner were both men of base birth, and both connected apparently with some of the highest in the realm; but Bonner owed his advancement to his own talents, and to the skilful use he made of the opportunities afforded him by the very movement he afterwards attempted with such violence to repress. The same vehemence which excited him so strenuously against the Reformers had in his youth supported him against the Pope himself; and while we reprehend the passion which blinded him in the furious zeal of his later years, we must not forget the strong influence which, in the commencement of the struggle, his unflinching character had exercised. He had assisted to mould the mind of the nation: when the mould had hardened, all his efforts were in vain to break it, though he dashed himself against it with the reckless daring of his nature. When we think of him wearing out his last years in the confinement of the Marshalsea, like Jeffries in the Tower at a later date, we cannot but picture to ourselves a terrible vision of disap-

pointment and rage. Ten years elapsed before his body was worn out ; yet even then it was deemed unsafe that he should be buried in the sight of the people. His coffin was carried at midnight to the neighbouring parish church in Southwark, while his successor at Fulham writes to Cecil to announce the funeral, and adds, perhaps in unconscious irony, the unconcerned postscript :—" My grapes this year are nott yet rype." So much for Bishop Bonner ! The same grapes were destined to cause Bishop Grindal considerable uneasiness, and we somehow do not feel sorry for him. A few days after the burial he writes again :—" I hear that some fault is found with me abroad for sending of my servant lately to the court with grapes, saying one died of my house of the plague, as they say, and three more are sick ;" but the charge was untrue.

Between Bonner and Grindal properly comes a greater name than either. Nicholas Ridley held the see after the first deposition of Bonner and until the death of Edward. There is little to connect him with Fulham, yet that little is to his honour. He charitably allowed the mother of his predecessor to reside at his manor house, though her presence must have been extremely distasteful to his scrupulous mind. Archbishop Heath, too, shared his toleration and hospitality ; but found it convenient when faggots were blazing to forget both.

There were quiet days after the fiery tempest, while Aylmer rested at Fulham from the fatigues

and dangers of exile, and was censured by the Sabbatarians for playing in the bowling green on Sunday afternoons; while Fletcher repaired the hall, and offended the Queen by marrying Lady Baker; while Bancroft called meetings of the learned and projected the new translation of the Bible, which he did not live to see completed; while Vaughan preached by his good life, "being," as Fuller says in his quaint way, "a very corpulent man, but spiritually minded;" until at length we come to the stirring scenes in which Bishop Laud took part, the storm that burst in the days of Bishop Juxon, the war, the camp at Putney, the bridge of boats, the King at Hampton Court, and the Lord General with the City forces billeted at Fulham. Then exile again, followed a second time by years of peace, till Bishop Henchman died in 1675, and was buried in the middle aisle of the church, under an inscription setting forth his gravity and clemency, "*quæ vel in vultu elucebant* (which even shone forth in his countenance;") and Compton succeeded, in the days of the Declaration, when the Archbishop and he and five others of his rank were committed to the Tower, and were tried and acquitted in Westminster Hall.

The figure of Compton is a prominent one at Fulham. His father was a Royalist Earl killed at Hopton. He himself began, as a cornet in the Horse Guards, the longest public life in the lists of the Bishops of London. The tutor of Mary and of

Anne, his sympathies were all with the Orange party and against the policy and court of James. His suspension from the exercise of the duties of his office during the last two years of that reign was the cause of a retirement to Fulham, the marks of which are still, after the lapse of two centuries, plainly visible. The trees planted by Bishop Compton are yet pointed out ; and the story is still told under their shade of the old trooper who took horse and escaped to William with the Princess Anne riding behind him. Even such a service was not, however, remembered to his advantage under the new *régime*, and the coveted Archbishopric never reached him ; though he lived to be of the trio who, in 1710, could say that the Cathedral of St. Paul had been built under one Bishop, one architect, and one clerk of the works. In his later years he retired altogether to Fulham, and here, in 1713, he was buried in the churchyard, under a plain tomb bearing a Greek inscription, below the east window of the chancel. He had said what many generations failed until our own day to impress, that the church was for the living, the churchyard for the dead ; and his good example was constantly followed in after years. A long array of episcopal monuments towers on either side of his modest tomb, Bishop Lowth and Bishop Sherlock occupying the highest places in the goodly company ; afar off, in a retired corner overshadowed by trees, in earth which he had himself

consecrated, is the grave of Bishop Blomfield, while a simple tablet in the porch is erected by his friends and neighbours, and close to it is the little monument he had placed to the memory of his son, lost at sea.

Nine of the Bishops sleep in the churchyard, including Gibson, Hayter, Robinson, and Randolph. Bishop Porteus was buried at Sundridge, among the Kentish hills. He was the courtly prelate who replied to Queen Charlotte's question, "May I knot on Sunday?" with the polite ambiguity, "You may not;" and is remembered with gratitude both at Fulham and Sundridge, for to his successors in the see he gave his valuable library, and to the poor of the country parish a handsome sum for the dowry of the village maidens and the pension of the widowed matrons.

The church itself, which is only separated from the Episcopal demesne by the churchyard, although singularly unattractive outside, is worth a visit. The tower alone is ancient, but has been recently repaired with such success that there is little air of antiquity remaining to it. The body of the church is not older than the reign of Queen Anne, and is oppressed with heavy galleries and proprietary pews. But the monuments, which are numerous, are worthy of inspection, the largest of them being in the porch under the tower, while two more are in the chancel, and the only ancient brass to be seen is beside the vestry door. Lady Legh, with her

twins, is a good example of the seventeenth-century taste; and we ask in vain, as we read her epitaph, whether she is the heroine of the nursery rhyme? The great structure which commemorates Lord Mordaunt, with a mendacious pedigree at one side, and gauntlets, coronets, and shields all around, and which resembles so closely a fountain with a statue in the centre, is in the porch, and opposite to it the tablet of Sir William Butts, "Gulielmi Buttii," the physician of Henry VIII.

In the churchyard, besides the graves of the Bishops, there are some interesting monuments.



FULHAM CHURCH.

One in the south-east corner is decorated with the insignia of a lord mayor, and, though sadly neglected, covers the founder of the Child family and the first possessor of Osterley Park. Near it is what we are disposed to consider one of the two oldest relics remaining at Fulham, either in the Manor House or the church; this is a brick archway in the wall, and a door which formerly led towards the Thames, but by the accumulation of centuries it is now buried more than half its original height. A similar doorway is in the garden wall, and has over it the arms of Bishop FitzJames. A pleasant aisle of limes arching overhead conducts the visitor from the church to the street past the handsome row of almshouses and the vicarage; or if he turn his back on these it will lead him to the river side and the Bishop's Walk, along the moat and gardens past the house, and so back to the entrance; while overhead the rooks caw in the trees in which their forefathers built when the place received its name of the Fowls' Home, a thousand years ago or more.

KNOLE.



GARDEN FRONT, KNOLE.

IF we take a map of the south-eastern counties, and mark the names of some six or seven places between Lambeth on the west and Canterbury on the east, we shall be able to trace at a glance the progress of an

Archbishop from his town house to the seat of the Metropolitan see, passing in order by the manor houses or granges at Croydon, Otford, Knole, Maidstone, and Charing. The greatest distance for one stage is that from Croydon to Otford; and a long rest seems usually to have been made there, or in the immediate neighbourhood. Three miles from Otford to the east was Wrotham, two miles to the south was Knole; but Wrotham and Knole did not exist together as archiepiscopal residences. Wrotham was pulled down before 1366, and Knole built after 1456; but a third seat was then a short way off—Mayfield, which lay between Sevenoaks and Tunbridge.

Of all these so-called palaces but one remains entire. Yet Knole owes its preservation to no unusual train of circumstances. It has passed through the same vicissitudes of ownership as the others,—has been granted and regranted by the Crown, leased to irresponsible tenants, sold by spendthrifts, visited by Puritan commissioners, and even partially burnt; but it still exists, and seems likely to exist for ages to come, one of the most interesting and perfect examples of an ancient English residence which our country possesses. The walls are substantially as they were left by the Archbishops, patched in places and adapted, but in reality little altered; and although few of the rooms are in exactly their original condition, enough remains to satisfy the most ardent investigator. Situated little more than

twenty miles from London, in the centre of one of the noblest parks in England, surrounded by much of the best scenery in Kent, a morning's drive from Maidstone or Tunbridge Wells, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the convenient little country town of Sevenoaks, it has long been a favourite with sightseers and picnic parties, and has also had more than its share of antiquarian visitors and such gatherings as that which a short time ago filled the hall and courts at the annual meeting of the Kent Archæological Society.

Trains run to Sevenoaks in about an hour, at frequent intervals throughout the day, from Ludgate-hill, Charing-cross, and Victoria. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, on which Knole is shown, bring the greatest crowds; but as the park is always open and the outside of the house nearly as interesting as the interior, every summer day has its scores of visitors. The long hill up from the railway station is rather trying in the sun, but a "bus," in the shape of a superannuated carriage, conveys us to the park-gate for an almost nominal sum. Entering the pleasant little town from the north-west, the secret of its unrivalled healthiness is at once apparent; for not only is it placed 500 feet above the sea level, but upon a deep stratum of porous sandstone. One or two "half-timbered" houses catch the eye, an Elizabethan bay window on the right, and a couple of red brick buildings of Queen Anne's time on the left, whilst, opposite the

fine Perpendicular church with its lofty tower, a modest swing-gate gives admittance to Knole. We descend a pleasant sandy avenue between high banks crowned with trees and higher walls, over which roses and ivy peep alternately, and, passing a second gate, enter the park. Long reaches of valley stretch right and left, dotted here and there on the green slopes with bright-hued parties of pleasure, or banner-bearing Sunday-schools from the far city, distributed in groups; while immediately before us rises a bank of the richest foliage, pierced below by the yellow avenue which leads to the house. Entering the wood and turning slightly toward the right, a paved way, which may have echoed often to the footstep of some ambling mule, bearing the sacred person of an Archbishop, mounts the hill, and emerging from the shade displays at one view the north front of the venerable house, its quaint gables and frowning entrance tower, partly hidden by the dark sycamores of which Walpole was so enamoured a hundred years ago or more.

Before applying for admission at the wicket we resolve on a walk round the exterior, little thinking what a journey is before us. Turning along the front towards the east, and descending a slope, we are opposite the arched gateway of the stable court. Two or three pointed windows, now built up, are in a gable above, and the vast barn of the Archbishops to the left of the gateway. We pass under its great walls, the buttresses standing out like the ribs of a

giant skeleton, and turn to the south; the house, bristling with chimneys, and looking more like a whole village than one residence, being on the right; and on the left the open park, bounded apparently at the horizon by the blue line of hills, at whose feet nestle Otford and Wrotham, with their smaller share of archiepiscopal remains. Centenary and bi-centenary oaks, whole avenues of them, acres of fern, sprinkled here and there with birch, beeches which rival Burnham, lawns of smooth sward which has never been disturbed since the making of the world, fitly ornamented with herds of deer,—to all these and many other beauties we turn an antiquarian cold shoulder, and entering a narrow passage between two walls, find ourselves in the Wood Court. It is bounded on one side by the house itself, on the others by offices, which include a *gaol* for the proper correction of the numerous servants of so vast an establishment. From a stand-point on the grass-plot in the centre may be seen specimens of every style of architecture which has prevailed in England for four centuries at least. Looking with our faces towards the west, we have on the extreme right the fine square towers of the first Archbishop, towards the centre the roof of the vast kitchen, the quaint double staircase, and the innumerable little gables of various offices, brewhouses, bakehouses, and sculleries. Further towards the left, Stuart work begins to show itself—and one great three-light window bears the unmistakeable impress of the classical taste

which prevailed when George III. was king. Here and there over the square Gothic battlements peep Elizabethan gables ; while some of the stone mulioned windows have been removed bodily, and their place supplied with the plate-glass and sashes of the reign of Queen Victoria. Leaving this museum of architecture reluctantly, we continue our circumambulation. A wall shuts in the “pleasaunce” which lies on the south and west sides of the house ; but threading our way through a long avenue of beeches we reach the hill-top, when the wall, nowhere very high, suddenly ceases, and an open-work fence allows a glance at the paradise within : trim yew hedges, bordering trimmer walks ; dark thickets of evergreens, groves of roses, smooth clipped lawns of turf, here and there an antique statue,—all these things pass for a moment before the eye. Then, crossing the south side of this inner park (for it is no less), and having paused awhile to inspect some ancient hollow trees, and to take a long look down a grassy avenue at the yellow gables of the south front and the grey stonework below on which they stand, while visions of scarlet cardinals and black-robed priests seem to pass in and out of the pointed doorway in the centre, we hurry on, and reaching the west side, skirt the garden by another avenue of beeches,—with a view here and there of the Seven-oaks Church tower on one hand, and an occasional vista, closed by the ivy-coloured towers of the house, on the other,—and emerge at length from a thicket

of beeches, opposite the great gate again, and under the shadow of the dark sycamores. After a few moments' rest on an inviting seat, and a short application to Murray and a note-book, we approach the gate and knock at the wicket. The knocker alone is worth coming to see; it resembles an iron boot-jack, and is but badly calculated for double knocks.

The entrance gateway which admits to the Green Court is part of the work of Archbishop Bouchier. The roof is not vaulted, but there are indications of its age in the chambers above. Two sides at least of the court itself are of the same antiquity; but a wall formerly stretched right and left from the gate, where now a picturesque row of gables forms one of the most characteristic features of the place. Over this wall, and from the windows of the tower above, the warders watched for the coming of the Cardinal Morton from Otford in October, 1500. It requires little imagination to picture to oneself the long procession of horses and sumpter-mules, of soldiers and priests, of servants and pages, winding through the autumn trees, while in their midst a cross of silver is borne before the litter in which the Archbishop lies racked with an ague, caught in the marshes at Otford. He comes to Knole to die, but his place is speedily filled.

Facing us is another noble gate-tower, flanked on either side by a series of bay windows surmounted by battlements. The flattened arch of this inner

gateway supports a noble oriel, the upper part of which is curiously fitted to the machicolations, so as to give at first sight the impression that the window is later than the tower itself. This idea is dissipated by an examination of the masonry. The oriel lights a fine chamber not usually shown to visitors, and now a nursery, in which the corbels of an arched roof yet remain. They are carved with the device of Archbishop Bouchier, by whom the estate had been purchased in 1456; and in a little compartment of stained glass in the head of the window occurs the "falcon vulned in the wings" which was one of the supporters of his paternal shield. But the ceiling is now flat and white-washed; for in 1745 the *louvre* which bore the clock over the great hall began to sink, and the clock was moved hither and placed in a curious upper story of the kind of Gothic to be expected from the date; while the pointed roof of the Archbishop's chamber had to make way for the pendulum and weights. The arched gate below is vaulted, and leads to the Stone Court, which seems older than the guide-books make it. It is generally dated from the water-pipes of the roof, which bear the name and arms of the "poet" Earl of Dorset, 1605; but a few minutes' examination of the stonework suffices to show that the leadwork was added long after the court itself was built. A colonnade worthy of William III. and Hampton Court faces the gateway, and gives entrance to the great hall. The hall blazes with

heraldry, and the gallery and roof are of the seventeenth century ; but the lower walls are of the Archbishop's time, and under the gallery are still to be seen doors which led to the kitchen when the kitchen was nearly twice its present length, and was supplied with three or four fireplaces at the least. The dais remains in the hall, but it is occupied by a statue of Demosthenes, and the eye seeks in vain for any sign of the merry doings of old days. The Commonwealth had not left the old house untouched, nor the loyal family which owned it: smart fines had the Sackvilles to pay for their loyalty, and not only fines but banishment, like other great nobles of the time ; but in the garrets are still to be seen the vast brass-studded trunks which tell by the date 1660, in nails on their lids, of a great coming home when the King received his own again, and the Earl returned to Knole. Those were the prosperous days of the hall. A hundred retainers feasted before their lord, from "Mr. Mathew Caldecott, my lord's favourite," to "Thomas Marockoe, a blackamoor." But this same hall saw a different sight in the spring of 1815, when the body of the young Duke, the sole hope of the house, just come of age, was brought home from Ireland to lie here in state on its way to the sepulchre of his fathers at Withyham, in Sussex. Old men still employed at Knole remember that homecoming,—the hall draped in black, the hatchments, the feathers, the hearse, the mother weeping for the untimely end of her only son, who

had gone forth in the morning full of strength, and was borne back at evening shattered and senseless.

Of the wonders of the interior much has been said and may be said. A very full account is in all the guide-books, both of the furniture and the pictures. There is no need to go through the lists here, but a few things may be noted. The Long Gallery, which is now hung with four copies of Raphael's cartoons, was formerly decorated with beautiful tapestry, which still remains on the other side of the wall in a corridor not shown to visitors. The Cartoon Gallery is ninety feet long and looks low, though it is fifteen feet high. There is fine tapestry also to be seen in the Organ Room and the Chapel, but the best is in a room called the Venetian Bedroom, said to have been fitted up for the reception of Niccolo Molina, the Venetian ambassador; while another authority states that James II. slept in it, which seems probable, as his monogram is on the bed. The tapestry bears the name of "Franciscus Springius," who was probably a Flemish manufacturer, and deserves to be better known to posterity. But the history of tapestry as a fine art has yet to be written. Another charming room is known as Lady Betty Germaine's, where in addition to many objects worth observing, such as a Persian table-cover, a beautifully designed door key, and some heraldic window-glass, we must not fail to notice the Mortlake tapestry, and the portraits worked on it of Vandyke, the painter, and

another character, said by some to be Crane, by whom the Mortlake works were established, and by others, Lord Gowrie, the father-in-law of Vandyke. But no enumeration of pictures or furniture gives any idea of the subtle charm of visiting a house like this. The visitor can hardly keep his attention alive to the explanations of the attendant : he finds himself absently speculating at every step on the scenes which some of these old portraits have looked down upon, in which some of their originals have taken part. His eye is constantly strained in the vague hope of seeing a ghostly bishop, or a tight-vested Elizabethan, or a powdered belle in brocaded sack cross the further end of each long gallery, or hastily disappear through a distant door. Artists are copying pictures, or composing new ones in some of the rooms ; architects studying the ceilings or the furniture in others ; and when by virtue of a special pass we ascend to the garrets, more are found at work even there, and we are pleased to acknowledge a liberality which makes so much treasure available for art. The chapel, the chaplain's room, with *BENEDICTUS DEUS* on the stone mantelpiece, the tapestry, the crypt, the picturesque little courts, the mysterious windows which seem to belong to no room of the interior, the turfed and terraced garden, all and each might be treated of ; but at last, dizzy with ascending and descending even a tithe of the eighty staircases, of threading his way through lonely and interminable attic galleries, with here and there a

sudden peep into a flowery garden, or a court glowing with the summer sunshine, the traveller gladly finds himself again under the Archbishop's oriel, and remarks, with the eye more of a moralist than a critic, that the gladiator which adorns the centre of a grass-plot has the arms of the Sackvilles on his shield, and the motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. He probably accepts the words, and making up his mind that in such a place no anachronism seems more absurd than that he should visit it in the nineteenth century, betakes himself through the sunset and the trees to the little town, the railway station, and the great modern city.



INGATESTONE.



HE virtues of the Vicar of Bray, whose consistent life is celebrated in a well-known song, were emulated, if not surpassed, by those of Sir William Petre.

This worthy seems to have been able to swallow any oaths imposed by Tudor tyranny, to have made up his mind to keep his place whatever king or queen might reign, and to have resolved, if possible, to be honest, but in any case to be rich. In an age when men were burned for the turning of a sentence, and hanged for a misinterpreted exclamation, and when it seems to us as if no one who had any mind of his own could follow the dictates of conscience, the dictates of parliament, and the dictates of self-interest at the same time, it is wonderful and nothing less to find Sir William Petre serving Wolsey and Henry, Somerset and Northumberland, Mary and Elizabeth, successively, without incurring half a dozen attainders at least. Nine lives, if he had them, might have been jeopardied in the effort. Yet he succeeded, and we can only conclude that he knew how to be silent when others spoke, how to

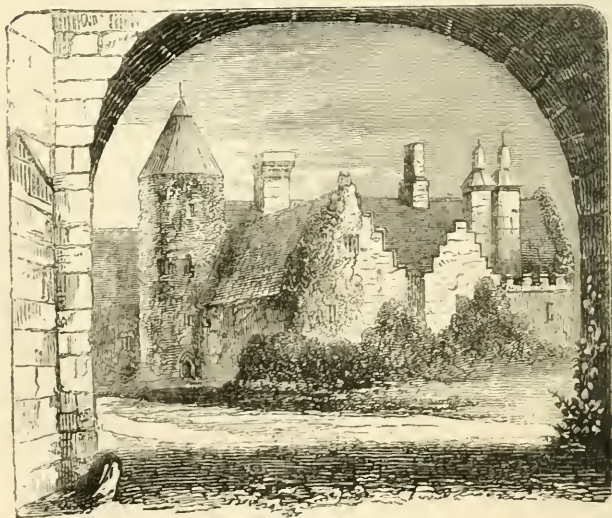


INGATSTONE HALL.

refrain when others declared, how to wait when others hastened. As if to add to the difficulties which surrounded him, the very nature of his possessions brought him into direct contact with the Pope himself, and in 1555 he received a bull from Paul IV. in which he was specially authorised to keep the estates which had been granted to him or which he had purchased, and which had formerly belonged to the monasteries that he had taken so large a part in destroying. It is said that he obtained this bull on the tacit understanding that by preserving the estates himself, he might be the better able to endow afresh the despoiled abbeys, but this was the voice of scandal. It is only certain that he retained the lands, that the monasteries were never restored, and that an almshouse, which is now the first old building we see as we leave Ingatestone station, was, apparently, the only institution he ever endowed. Nor did he in this case exceed his habitual prudence, for, considering the immense revenues he received from conventual estates, the petty sum of £90 13s. 4d. annually was a moderate income to assign to it.

The almshouses were originally in the track of the railway, and were removed to their present site and rebuilt by the late Lord Petre. Sir William's endowment does not seem very magnificent, but we must remember that he also founded eight fellowships at Exeter College, Oxford.

He, moreover, added considerably to the parish church, chiefly in chapels for his family, and his initials appear in the brickwork on one of the gables. A magnificent altar-tomb, on which he lies in full armour by the side of his second wife, may still be seen in the chancel. He died full of years and honours in 1571, and his son obtained in the first year of James I. the peerage still enjoyed by his descendants. The Lords Petre have shown in successive centuries a different kind of consistency from any displayed by the founder of their fortunes, and are still reckoned among the so-called "Catholic" houses which have adhered to the faith



GATEWAY, INGATESTONE HALL.

of the ages before the Reformation. A Romanist chapel is still a prominent feature of the buildings at Ingatestone Hall, and a little colony of that persuasion is maintained under the shelter of the house which Sir William built.

Ingatestone Hall is not what it was, yet few more picturesque examples of Tudor architecture remain in England. Leaving the station, which is about twenty miles from London, by a road down hill to the south, we pass a modern lodge, and enter what was once a quadrangle through an old archway. The tall and ancient trees set off with most harmonious greens a red brick court, clad here and there in ivy, and boasting at one side the finest *Westeria*, perhaps, in England. The old hall is now divided into separate tenements, in one of which is the residence of a priest, and in another that of the land agent of the Petre estate. In the centre is a modern-looking porch, supported on classical columns, by which entrance is given to the chapel, the eastern end of which has recently been extended by the addition of an apse, and a bell turret. An ancient turret is in the corner of the court, and windows filled with armorial glass peep out here and there from under the ivy. The red brick of the sixteenth century is patched in many places with modern building; lofty roofs of tile, and dormer windows of the utmost quaintness, rise high above; chimneys of many shafts tower over the gables, and the waters of a pond reflect the various

hues of red and brown in their sombre depths, and are bordered by an avenue of limes on the other side, from which the most charming views of the old house may be obtained.

Our visit was in summer, when the fresh green leaves seemed almost out of place beside the ancient buildings, but the air of seclusion and even of sadness, which pervaded the old hall, was not dissipated by the glowing sunshine. No great effort of the imagination was required to people the grassy slope with courtiers and ladies in the gorgeous costumes of three centuries ago, or to see peeping from the mullioned lattices heads covered with velvet and feathers, though the roar and whistle of a passing train speedily recalled us from the silent past to the bustling present. A modern novelist has laid the scene of a sensational novel at Ingatestone Hall; and, in truth, no more appropriate situation can anywhere be found for a picture requiring decayed splendour and gloomy magnificence for a background.

The residence to which access is obtained through a modern door in the ivy-clad turret contains some fine tapestry: Noah and his family entering the ark; Moses as an infant pulling off Pharaoh's crown, while the King stoops to caress him; the murder of the oppressor of his brethren; the Golden Calf in Horeb; and the breaking of the Two Tables,—many such scenes may be made out in one room; in another, we see the Espousals of Joseph and

Mary, and the Adoration of the Magi. In this last picture a long procession of knights and attendants with richly-caparisoned horses and camels wind along the road in the back-ground, and the view is such as might have been presented in the sixteenth century by the neighbourhood of Ingatestone.

But perhaps the most curious part of the house is a priest's hiding-place, which was discovered in 1855 to be in one of the projections of the south side. Its entrance is in a small room on the middle floor, where a trap about two feet square admits by a ladder to a little chamber about fourteen feet long by two feet wide and ten high. It is on the level of the ground, and in the sand of which the floor is composed chicken bones were found, the remains probably of some food secretly supplied to an occupant. A curious trunk or chest was discovered at the same time. It had, no doubt, been used for storing the Altar furniture and other necessities for the secret celebration of mass. It is strange that all knowledge of this hiding-place had died out. A packing-case addressed to one Lady Petre in old writing was found in the dungeon, and must have lain there nearly a hundred years. It was about a century ago that the family finally left Ingatestone, and in the interval all memory of the mysterious closet had faded away.

Ingatestone Hall was once a grange or summer residence of the Abbess of Barking. Some parts

of it, therefore, may be older than the time of Sir William. It must have originally been a double square. But only three sides of one court and the gateway, much modernised, now remain. The barn, and perhaps some of the adjoining buildings, look even older than the house, and were probably erected to contain the tithes and rents in kind received by the abbess. The collector paid annually for the manor the sum of *xlviij s.* to the Cellaress of the Abbey.

The little town of Ingatestone is said to derive its name from one of the miliary stones of a Roman road, which here passed by on its way to Colchester. Roman brick is built into the rubble walls of the church, and Roman remains have been found in the immediate neighbourhood. The Red Lion Inn, in the village street, is still pointed out as the place where the milestone once stood: and in ancient documents the place is spoken of in Latin as "*Ing ad Petram*," the meadow by the stone. It is also sometimes named *Ing Abbess*, from the nunnery of Barking, to which it belonged, until Henry VIII., having taken possession, sold it to Sir William Petre for £849 12s. 6d. Twelve other manors are named in the papal bull of which mention has already been made, but this one had belonged to Barking Abbey from time immemorial, and is spoken of in the Domesday Survey as being held ever by St. Mary, "*Semper Sancta Maria*." The name of the adjoining parish of Butsbury is given in old

deeds as “Ging-Joyberd,” or “Yng-Joyberd,” pointing to another “Ing” or pasture in the possession of an individual or family called “Joyberd.” The surname is not yet unknown in Essex. Another parish close by is Margaretting, or St. Margaret’s Ing, and a third bears a family name, as Mountney’s Ing, or Mountnessing.

The tall red tower of the parish church is a conspicuous object in every view of Ingatestone. Its beauty makes us wish modern Gothic architects were not so devoted to stone for their towers. A very good view of it is given in Buckler’s *Churches of Essex*, in which also there is a sketch of part of the hall, and some account of the interior. The church tower dates from the fifteenth century, and contains more than half a million bricks. A projection on the south side contains the staircase to the roof. It is of the winding sort, and is made of large bricks. In the chamber above, there are five bells, dated respectively 1610, 1660, 1701, and two in 1758. One of these last bears a quaint inscription:—

“The founder he has played his part,
Which shows him master of his art.
So hang me well and ring me true,
And I will sound your praises due.”

The interior of the church is spacious and light. It has been recently “restored,” and, strange to say, is not much, if at all the worse. In the chancel, at the south side, is the tomb of Sir William Petre,

of which mention has already been made. Near it is a tablet to the memory of his brother, Robert, which tells us that he was Receiver of the Exchequer to the "moste famous Queen Eliza." In the north chapel, which serves as a vestry-room, are several tombs; and below, in a vault, twenty coffins are laid side by side. The Petres now bury their dead at Thorndon, where a beautiful mortuary chapel has been erected. Among the monuments here at Ingatestone is one to the memory of John, the first Lord Petre, an immense structure of the time of Charles I. It contains, under a classical colonnade, statues of the baron and his wife, as well as of the second Lord and his wife. The epitaph, which we may presume was composed by the second Lord, is in Latin, very long, and concluding thus, "William, Lord Petre, his inconsolable son, who inherits his estate (I wish I could say his virtues), erected this monument to the memory of so deserving a father." And the epitaph on Catherine, Lady Petre, the said Lord William's wife, is equally quaint. It sets forth her goodness, and goes on to say that "being more desirous of a mansion in the skies, than of a longer life, she departed (*migravit*) on the 30th October, 1624, aged 49. It is a question whether she was most worthy of heaven or of earth (*cœlone dignior an mundo lis est*)."

BERKHAMSTED.

TRAVELLERS on the London and North-Western Railway may observe, shortly after emerging from the great cuttings and the tunnel at Boxmoor, a thick wood on the right of the line and facing the long straggling town which occupies a slope on the left. The town is Berkhamsted, or as it is sometimes spelt, Berkhampstead; indeed some fifty other ways of spelling the name are given in Mr. Cobbe's *History and Antiquities of Berkhamsted*. Just as we pass the railway-station, two fragments of a double wall standing parallel to each other near the edge of the wood catch the eye for a moment. In another moment the wood is out of sight, and the open country, pleasantly undulating, extends to a distant horizon on both sides. But those two little fragments of flint masonry have a history worth pausing over. They have their place even in the history of the nation. To keep the passage between them was once a charge worthy of the greatest subject in the realm. Through the gateway whose place they mark, in peace or war many a noble procession has

passed. They admitted in turn, John of England, and Louis of France; John of France and Richard King of the Romans. Here the Black Prince lived, and here, in the days of his son, Chaucer was clerk of the works. Froissart was here with the Queen in 1361. But all the glory is now departed; except the site, little is left, and it looks to-day probably much as it did when, in 1087, Robert of Mortaigne came at the Conqueror's bidding to build the castle. The earthworks and the mound were there then as they are now, but hardly anything beside, unless some wooden sheds for the shelter of the soldiers. At what date the mound was made, and the ditches were first opened, it is not possible to say. When the Conqueror came they were there, and his coming is perhaps the first authentic event in the history of Berkhamsted, unless we accept it as the scene of St. Brithwald's Council in 697, and not rather Birsted near Maidstone, or Brasted near Sevenoaks. But if authentic history is silent, tradition is not. St. Paul was here when he had journeyed into Spain, and, according to the same authority, he signalised his visit by an act of exorcism similar to that, some three centuries later, performed by St. Patrick in Ireland. Both serpents and lightning have visited the parish since, and seem to regard the exorcism from the sceptical point of view which seems now generally appropriate to the pleasant fables of local tradition. We only know that before the Conquest, Berkhamsted

was a place of importance,—perhaps on account of its military position; and because, as Mr. Clark pointed out to the Archæological Institute during their recent visit, it is one link of a complete chain of fortresses, which surrounded and guarded the valley of the Thames. Though it had previously been inhabited, and possibly strengthened, by the Kings of Mercia, and afterwards by the successors of Alfred, it owes its first regular fortification to William, whose military genius recognised it as one of the series of which Rochester, Guildford, Farnham, Windsor, and Wallingford were the other members. He was here before he reached London, and, as we have seen, he probably found here already the cone on which the keep of his castle was to rise, as similar cones had been found and turned to account at four out of five of the other places. In some respects the Berkhamsted keep may have resembled that of Windsor, being surrounded by a moat of its own, partly within the moat of the whole fortress and partly continuous with it. The mound was used to support a hollow shell of masonry, as at Cardiff, but only the saucer-like configuration of the summit now remains to indicate its existence. And all the rest of the buildings which made up the Castle have shared the fate of the keep. There was once a chapel near the foot of the mound, one of three with which the Castle was sanctified. Of it there only remains a broken candlestick,

discovered lately on the site. The two decaying walls near the railway station are all that is left of the entrance gateway, and a key dug up when the road was made all that is tangible of the gate itself.

Whether the builder of Berkhamsted Castle was ever Earl of Cornwall, is more a matter of nomenclature than of actual historical question ; but it is certain that from his time the Castle has followed the fortunes of the Earls and Dukes of Cornwall. The Prince of Wales now owns it. To the first duke, better known as the Black Prince, it was a favourite residence ; here, in 1361, he took his last leave of his mother, when Froissart was told of the prophecy of Merlin that the crown would never rest on the heads of Edward or the next prince, Lionel, but descend to the son of the third brother John. While living at Berkhamsted, before the sad days which closed his father's glorious reign, he fell ill, and when but half recovered set out from here to meet the Parliament at Westminster, only a few days before his death. Of older memories than these, the Castle has no lack. We may choose between such names as those of the FitzPiers and the Mandevilles, Lords of Berkhamsted ; of Thomas Becket, sometime its custodian ; of King John, who granted the town its first charter ; of Louis of France, his siege of the Castle, and the fruitless bravery displayed by the defenders ; but the two most interesting names in the list of its occupants

are perhaps those of Richard King of the Romans, and of Cicely Duchess of York.

Richard seems in a kind of way to have succeeded to the title which his father had sometime borne. As Earl of Cornwall, he lived much at Berkhamsted. From it he set out on his expeditions, first to the Holy Land, and afterwards on a scarcely less unreal errand: this was to Germany, in quest of the crown of the Romans, which, when he had lavished much of the treasure gathered from the English Jews, he obtained in 1257. As King of the Romans, he lived and died here; and here he brought successively his three wives. The first was one of the co-heiresses of the Marshalls, Earls of Pembroke, and the widow of Gilbert de Clare. She died in child-bed at Berkhamsted, and perhaps it was owing to his grief that he assumed the cross. On his return, after three years' widowhood, he married Sanchia, one of the four queens, daughters of Raymond, Count of Provence. After sixteen years' exile from the sunny skies of her native land, she too died at Berkhamsted, having lost all her children successively except one, Edmund, who survived his father but eventually died childless. The King's third wife was perhaps better suited to the climate of Hertfordshire. According to most accounts, she was the niece of Archbishop Conrad, of Cologne, and she survived her husband. In April 1272, the body of Richard, King of the Romans, Count of Poictou, and Earl of Cornwall, was carried from

Berkhamsted to Hales Abbey for interment, and his heart to the church of the Friars Minor at Oxford. In 1300, his only son died, and the county of Cornwall, with the castle of Berkhamsted, reverted to the Crown. Edward I. made it the dower of his second wife, and is further posthumously connected with the place, because one of the letters of Edward III., dated from this castle, relates to the renewal of the cerecloth of his grandfather,—“*de cerâ renovanda circa corpus Edwardi Primi.*” Six picked men from Berkhamsted served at Crecy, but this reign is signalised in the annals of the town by an event of a different character. In 1291, John of Berkhamsted, a native, was elected Abbot of St. Albans. During his rule it was that the remains of Queen Elinor rested at St. Albans on their long journey from “Herdeby” to Westminster, and he was the Abbot who, in 1295, succeeded in obtaining for the clergy protection from the additional taxes levied to support the King’s wars. Of Abbot John we shall have occasion to speak more at length in our chapter on St. Albans.

Under Edward III., the Castle attained its greatest splendour, or rather under his son the Black Prince, of whose tenure of it we have already spoken. Richard II. gave it to his favourite Vere, but on his attainder it returned to the Crown. Edward IV. gave the town a fresh charter, which was of more real importance to the inhabitants than even the presence of Chaucer and Froissart. It is

not many years since the exemption of the tradesmen from serving on juries was acknowledged by the law courts, in accordance with the privileges of this charter. And thus we reach the name of the King's mother, the last and one of the greatest of the denizens of the Castle. This was Cicely, Duchess of York, the daughter of the head of the Nevilles, the niece of Henry IV., the aunt of the King-maker, sister of five peers of the realm, mother of two kings, and for many years the greatest lady in the land. "Proud Cis" has passed into a proverb, and no one can wonder if she was proud. Whether she was or not, one thing is certain: she was a woman of sufficient talent to keep her high position all her life, and of sufficient strength to survive the misfortunes which in those days seemed appropriate to high rank. Her husband, her brother, and her second son, all perished after the fatal field of Wakefield; yet she survived to see another son put to death by his own brother, and a third slain in battle. She outlived Bosworth nearly eleven years. Before her death she saw her eldest son's heiress on the throne, and the young Henry—who after bearing for a time the title which had been her husband's, was destined to extinguish in the blood of her granddaughter the last fading glimmer of the great Plantagenet name—had reached the age of five years. She lived and regulated her household, at Berkhamsted, until 1496, when, after seeing her granddaughter's husband put her grandson to death,

and her daughter take up the cause of an impostor, she died, full of honours and of all the attendants of honour, after a life which, viewed in the perspective of four centuries, appears, according to the light turned upon it, either such a long tragedy, or else such a course of prosperity, as is unexampled in our annals.

After her death the Castle fell to decay, and her descendant Queen Elizabeth granted it, at the annual rent of a red rose to be paid on the feast of St. John the Baptist, to Sir Edward Carey, the father of the first Lord Falkland, and cousin of the Queen's cousin Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon. It was already ruined, as Leland describes it, and when Sir Edward built the house on the hill just above it, the old walls no doubt formed a convenient quarry for the supply of building stone.

After it had thus mounted the hill piecemeal its connection with great folk and great events continued as before the translation. Here Lucius, Lord Falkland, spent much of his boyhood; and when the Careys ceased to live here the house was occupied by some of the household of James I. Prince Charles was here in 1616, and as Duke of Cornwall obtained from his father a charter for the town by which its privileges were enlarged and a bailiff and burgesses appointed. Camden granted the corporation a coat of arms, in which the Castle figures prominently "within a border of Cornewall, viz. Sables, bezanted." But after lasting less than

fifty years, the trouble of electing and sustaining a corporation grew too great for the sleepy little town, and though they still claim some of their privileges, as we have seen, the charter has long been a dead letter to the burgesses of Berkhamsted. Under the Commonwealth, the house which had succeeded the Castle was again prominent. During the Protectorate it was occupied by Colonel Axtel, the Regicide; after the Restoration, by Weston, Earl of Portland, the Chancellor, in whose day the greater part of it was destroyed by fire. In its reduced state it was rented by John Sayer, who, as his epitaph in the church informs us, had been "Archimagirus," or chief-cook, to Charles II. It still belongs to the Duchy of Cornwall, and is now under a lease, with the Castle, or its site in the valley below, to the owner of the neighbouring park of Ash-ridge.

The Castle and its successive occupants have left less mark upon the church of Berkhamsted than might have been expected. None of the royal and princely folk seem to have selected it as a burial-place, and the only monuments which connect it with the Castle are those of King Charles's cook, as already mentioned, and of Robert Incent, "late s'vant unto the noble princesse lady Cecyle duchesse of Yorke, and mother unto the worthy King Edward the IIII and Richard the thyrde, whych sayd Robert Incent dyed of the grete swetyng sykenesse the first yere of the Reygne of King Henry the VII." Dean

Incent was his son, and founded the Grammar-school in 1541; dying in 1545, he was buried in the church, but his monument is no longer extant. The name of Incent or Innocent still lingers in the parish, and the quaint arms of the Dean are still to be seen on stained glass in the Head-master's parlour. They are alluded to in lines preserved by Weever, but now no longer to be seen; and the description, "Argent, on a bend gules an *Innocent* or," seems to mean an infant holding a rose.

The last event connecting Berkhamsted and royalty seems to have been the residence here of



BERKHAMSTED CHURCH.

Peter the Wild Boy, which commenced about 1730 and lasted till his death in 1785. The collar with his guardian's name and address is still at Ashridge, "Peter the Wild man from Hanover. Whoever will bring him to Mr. Fenn, at Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, shall be paid for their trouble." But the modern traveller will be more interested by another and worthier association. In the Rectory House was born, in 1731, the great Christian poet, William Cowper, and in the east window of the church, recently filled with stained glass in honour of his memory, we may see him depicted, and at his feet the three tame hares which he immortalised.

ON THE SURREY HILLS.

THE long reach of the chalk hills known as the North Downs enters Surrey near Guildford, and crossing the country from west to east, passes into Kent between Tatsfield and Chevening. It attains its greatest width in Surrey, a little way south of Croydon. The railway here plunges into a long tunnel and emerges high up among the downs, at an anonymous place from which the branch line diverges to Caterham. Caterham itself is some five miles off in a valley to the east. A bleak down, crowned with a Gothic asylum, of the most staring pattern, its brick walls blushing crimson as if at their exposed situation, is on the right; while, straight on along the line a glimpse may be obtained, between two rounded banks of chalk, of the valley to the south, in which Merstham, Gatton, and so many other pleasant places are spread out in the summer sunshine. This valley lies between the two ranges: the chalk on the north and the sand hills on the south. We are in the heart of the chalk. A vast cliff close to the Junction dazzles the eyes with its whiteness.

The trees are all down in the valley, except a few young firs which defy the east wind around the asylum ; and if it were not for the distant views of Caterham on one side, and of the Merstham valley on the other, the scene about the railway station would be almost unbearable in its bleakness. Yet, behind the unpromising front of the downs, something may be found worth the seeking. Each great billow has a valley between it and its neighbour. Five or six distinct waves of chalk may be counted before the comparative flatness of the Merstham district is reached. The inner life of these hills was almost unknown till a few years ago. The little churches, hidden from the wind in wooded nooks ; the ancient houses, sometimes manors, sometimes farms ; the quiet parsonages, the great bare fields with their scattered sheep, the sheltered valleys full of corn, the wooden windmills crowning each hill, had all a kind of independent existence apart from the world, and so shut out from the reach of strangers that it was not until some fifteen years ago that there were any roads in Chaldon, the parish whose church is the principal object of interest in our present excursion.

The seclusion of Chaldon, great as it has been, has not been so great that the church has escaped restoration. Even to this corner of the earth have the disciples of Sir Gilbert Scott penetrated. For once their visit has been productive of good. Perhaps it would be safer to say, partly in spite of

them has a great discovery been made and a real restoration effected. The allegorical painting which remains at Chaldon belongs to a series, and this one only has been rescued. The others, alas! perished under the hands of the restorer before assistance could arrive.

An excursion to Chaldon and its surroundings has several strong recommendations for the sight-seer. It is within easy reach of London. The country is eminently healthful; more than sufficiently picturesque, full of antiquarian interest; and withal so far unexplored that even "Murray," the ubiquitous, dismisses it in a sentence. He recommends the visitor to approach from the north, and passing Coulsdon to climb "a steep hill to Chaldon Church, a plain rural building of which the older portion is E.E., but most part *perp.* The church stands in a secluded and picturesque nook, and all around are tempting rambles." So far the "Handbook." But would it surprise the compiler to learn that the church contains, in addition to "E.E." and "*perp.*," examples also of Norman, Decorated, Elizabethan, Stuart, and so on?—and that a mile further on is one of the finest views over the weald and the sand hills that can be pointed out in the whole county? We say nothing of the painting, which was only discovered two or three years ago.

We disobey "Murray," however, in our excursion. A return ticket to Merstham, a walk from Merstham over the hills to Caterham Junction through Chaldon

and Coulsdon, and a "tempting ramble" through the woods by the way,—this is our programme. Its merits are chiefly these. There are two or three trains at Caterham Junction for one at Merstham. We thus find ourselves able to return without too long a delay at the station whenever we may arrive there. Further, we visit the churches and chief objects of interest while we are still fresh in the early part of the walk; and, lastly, we have the sun behind us on the hills, and not shining in our eyes, a matter of no small importance in the glare of a chalk district.

Merstham Church will repay a visit. It is reached from the railway station by the village street, and a pretty walk through a kind of little glen, with a rickety bridge over one of those mysterious ponds which, connected in their history with the iron trade of the middle ages, are yet more strangely connected, geologically, with their famous neighbour, the burrowing Mole. The church stands on the first "escarpment" of the chalk. A foretaste of the view to be seen above may here be obtained from the parapet of the wall on the south side of the churchyard. An Early English west door has suffered restoration; but other specimens of the same date remain untouched. A brass or two, a half defaced recumbent figure, some handsome and tasteful modern monuments, a little bit of old stained glass, and clerestory windows which, owing to the roof of the side aisles having been raised, are within

the church, occupy a few minutes ; and then, leaving the churchyard at the eastern end, we commence to climb the hill, passing on our way a great quarry and a row of melancholy-looking workmen's houses. The summit of the hill is soon reached, and immediately we are in a different region. Everything is changed. Behind us in the valley, to the south and west, village after village, orchard after orchard, park after park, stretch away towards Redhill and Reigate. The sand hills are clothed with trees to their summits, here and there church spires and red-roofed villas rise against the sky line, while at intervals a gap shows the Weald of Kent beyond, and in the farthest distance the Sussex downs and the blue line of hills in which Tunbridge Wells and Frant are concealed. The view is worthy of Birket Foster. Nay, one feels assured he must have studied it already to his advantage.

Turning our backs upon the valley we plunge into the hills. Here the scene is entirely different. It is not bleak, nor bare, nor ugly ; but somehow it is not so pleasing. The wind seems always to blow, the trees look as if they were all inclined one way : the fields are very large, the houses very few and very small. But a pleasant lane among the corn-fields, with elms almost meeting overhead, and then a breezy common, covered with furze and heather, then a path through a ploughed field, bristling with flints, then a steep ascent along a dark wood into which the pheasants run as leisurely as if the

“First” will not be for months to come, and the top of another hill is reached, and Chaldon Church, with its spire, just shows itself among the trees in front. At the foot of a green lawn dotted with elms is the rectory; a little to the left is an old farmhouse, formerly the “Court;” woods and corn-fields interspersed form the background of a circumscribed but pretty landscape; the air of retirement and the absolute stillness being in a kind of negative way the most striking features. A dog at the the farm, dozing in the sun on the top of his kennel, begins to bark at sound of footsteps: the sudden noise is almost painful to the ear, but the profound stillness, once broken, is not to be recalled. The visitor leaves his musings, and rousing himself to obtain the keys, enters the churchyard and the church.

I have brought with me a very elaborate and interesting paper, which Mr. J. G. Waller read for the Surrey Archæological Society some years ago. It relates to the then recently discovered painting on the west wall of Chaldon Church. Mr. Waller’s paper must be my guide in endeavouring to describe it. He has not only explained the subject and meaning of the painting itself, but has illustrated his explanation by a reduced “fac-simile” drawing; and has given examples of each part of the design in a carefully chosen series of extracts from the “*Legenda Aurea*,” the “*Acta Sanctorum*,” and other recondite sources of monkish lore. The paper

is printed in the Transactions of the Surrey Society.

Armed, then, with the keys of the church, and with Mr. Waller's key to the painting within, we may enter. The church is only forty feet long at most, yet it consists of a nave, two side aisles, a chancel, and a side chapel. The basement is Norman, and does not answer in all respects to the plan of the present building. The earlier church was wider, probably, and shorter. The greater part of what we see now is Early English : one or two of the windows are Perpendicular, one or two Decorated. A chapel on the north side was evidently removed, and a Perpendicular window inserted in the aisle, when a large flat arch was made and built up in the chancel wall. It looks as if it had never contained a window, and may be of fifteenth-century work. The tower and spire were added some forty or fifty years ago. The pulpit bears a name and date, "Patience Lambert, 1657," and a curious tablet in a style worthy of John of Padua and the Renaissance in England, and dated 1562, has a quaint inscription which commences thus:—"Good Redar, warne all men and woomen whil they be here to be ever good to the poore and nedy." It bears initials and a semi-heraldic badge, but no name. The tombstones are not remarkable ; the register commences in 1564. The church is dedicated to St. Paul ; though it is sometimes spoken of as St. Peter's, and in a will dated 1440, as St. Peter and

St. Paul's. This would perhaps be the right designation.

But the most remarkable thing in the church is a "tempera" painting on the west wall, facing the chancel arch. It is about seven feet from the ground, and forms a band, chiefly of a deep brown or chocolate colour, divided across with a strip of conventional bordering, and vertically in the centre by a portion of the design. The subject, according to Mr. Waller, and he is no doubt right, is the "Ladder of the Salvation of the Human Soul, and the road to Heaven,"—in short a "scala cæli." The two bands represent respectively Heaven and Hell. The ladder rises from the lower to the upper. It is crowded with little figures: some climbing, others falling off; some stopping by the way, others apparently being helped up by angels. On the right, in the lower division, are figures of demons, tortures great and small, the punishment of usury, of inebriety, of luxury, and other horrible conceptions, whilst at the end is the Tree of Knowledge and the serpent in its branches. To the left of the ladder other evil spirits stir up a blazing caldron full of souls, and little scenes of retribution are enacted in every direction. In the upper division, to the left, Michael is weighing the candidates for heaven, while others are welcomed by angels from the summit of the ladder; on the right Enoch and Elijah are seen ascending outside the ladder: a nimbus, between the sun and moon, appears at the top; and

to the extreme right, above the forbidden tree, is a representation of the descent into Hell, treated according to the usual method.

As examples of the stories current in the thirteenth century and here placed before the eyes of the faithful, Mr. Waller gives some extracts. We may take one as a specimen. Among the most conspicuous of the strange figures is that of the "Usurer;" a name which was applied not only to a man who lent money at high or exorbitant rates of interest, but also to a covetous or miserly person. There are many horrible stories in the monks' books of the end of such people. According to one of them, which occurs in the Chronicle of Matthew Paris, a monk of Evesham had a vision in 1196 of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; and saw among other sights a goldsmith being tormented on account of frauds committed in his lifetime. In the picture we see the method of punishment clearly illustrated. The tongue hangs out, and coins drop from the mouth. Bags of money are about the waist and neck. He is compelled to count a heap of red-hot money, and sits on a flaming seat. With regard to some of the other figures, we have less unpleasant readings from ancient authors. Some of the figures are represented as undergoing temptation, and Mr. Waller takes occasion to speak of the early Christian doctrine of good and bad spirits attendant on the soul of man. From the "Shepherd" of Hermas he makes a beautiful quotation. He tells us:—

“There are two angels with man—one of righteousness, the other of iniquity. . . . The angel of righteousness is mild, and modest, and gentle, and quiet. When, therefore, he gets into thy heart he talks with thee of righteousness, of modesty, of chastity, of bountifulness, of forgiveness, of charity, and piety. When all these things come into thy heart, know then that the angel of righteousness is with thee. . . . Learn also the works of the angel of iniquity. He is first of all bitter, and angry, and foolish; and his works are pernicious and overthrow the servants of God. When therefore these things come into thy heart, thou shalt know by his works that this is the angel of iniquity. . . . When anger overtakes thee or bitterness, know that he is in thee. As also when the desire of many things, and of the best meats, and of drunkenness, when the love of what belongs to others, pride, and much speaking, and ambition, and the like things come upon thee. When therefore these things come into thy heart, know that the angel of iniquity is with thee.”

But of all the old authors, Tundale best illustrates, in his celebrated “Vision,” the scenes here depicted. The date of the poem is about 1149, so that it is just a little older than the painting if we accept, as we safely may, Mr. Waller’s estimate. Tundale was an Irishman by birth, of noble rank, who having died suddenly in a fit of passion, is conducted by his guardian angel through Hell, Purga-

tory, and Paradise, as Dante describes himself in the *Divina Commedia*. The poem was exceedingly popular, and exists in several languages and dialects, including English. In it the "long narrow bridge," which forms so remarkable a feature of the Chaldon painting, is minutely described: "Two mile of length it was seeming, and scarcely of the breadth of a hand," so we read, modernising the language. "It was grievous for to feel," being all made of "sharp pikes of iron and steel; and no one could cross it without great pain and suffering. It passed over a lake in which were "hideous beasts," that drew near the bridge to make a prey of the souls that fell off. Tundale sees "one stand on the bridge, weeping

" With a doleful cry,
And plained his sin full piteously;
The pikes his feet piked full sore:
He dreaded the beasts much more."

Tundale asks his angel the meaning of this.

" The angel answered thus again:—
For him is ordained this pain,
That robbed men of their riches
Or any goods that theirs is."

He goes on to say that the figure on the bridge so sorely weeping is that of one who had stolen from "Holy Chyrche."

With regard to the style and execution of the picture, it is worth while to refer to Mr. Waller more at length, because similar pictures have been found

of late years in many other churches, and considerable interest has been excited about them. Mr. Waller notices that there is no filling-up of the features, and that where two cross each other the outlines of both appear, by which no doubt the painter meant to indicate that they were ghosts, and semi-transparent. The outlines show great ease and a ready hand. The attitudes are well contrasted, "and throughout they are designed with great simplicity, always following the end in view, without the slightest affectation." The picture is painted in tempera, and not in fresco. All medieval church painting was done in tempera; that is, the colours were mixed with a kind of glue or size made from shreds of parchment. The colours used are red and yellow ochre, a little native cinnabar and white.

Another painting was on the south side of this one, on the face of the respond supporting the first arch. This was destroyed in the restoration of the church, during the temporary absence of the rector. Had it not been for his vigilance all would have been effaced. Who knows how much we have lost in other places? This departed picture, even though departed, is of the utmost importance. From it and from the conventional foliage of the Tree of Knowledge at the north end of the west wall, Mr. Waller is able to approximate by no means vaguely to the date of the painting. The aisles are, as we have seen, Early English, and cannot therefore be earlier than the end of the twelfth century. On

the other hand, the "Tree" cannot be much later. We thus arrive at a date between 1170 and 1190. With regard to the painter and the style of his art, Mr. Waller makes some interesting observations, from which we gather that the design was not unknown in the Greek Church; that this example is very strictly in accordance with Byzantine rules for such a work; that certain accessories are of a kind to point to a French origin; but that on the whole, if "William the Englishman" was worthy to succeed William de Sens as architect of Canterbury Cathedral, there is no reason an English painter should not have been found to execute this elaborate design.

But the afternoon wanes rapidly as we sit questioning Mr. Waller, and diving into the "Vision" of Tundale and the "Promptuarium Exemplorum." There will be no time to visit Coulsdon Church or the Reedham Asylum. So one more look at a painting nearly two hundred years older than Orcagna, and we commit ourselves to a pleasant lane through the hollow, emerging at length on the open down, actually in sight of the Crystal Palace. We had forgotten that London itself was only some fifteen miles away at most. "Murray" mentions a very steep hill up from Coulsdon. Going in the opposite direction, it is very steep down; but the up hill at the other side, though he does not mention it, is twice as long and quite as steep.

The ascent ceases at the summit of another wave of the chalk. This one comprises the parish of

Coulsdon. But there is no painting in Coulsdon Church, and although it is, or was at the time of our visit, happily unrestored and in fair order, I only delay to notice an epitaph mentioned in the "Handbook," and again descending reach another valley, clothed with thickets of hazel, fruitful in nuts; and turn to the left at last into a bridle road, each winding of which brings us nearer to the Caterham Junction, and the busy haunts of men. On the right is the Reedham Asylum, a not unpleasing building high on the hill, and after a short delay we cross the railway through an arch and pursue the turnpike road between Croydon and Redhill, until we arrive at the station. This last half-mile along the dusty highway is, we find, more fatiguing than any other part of our pleasant three hours of hill and dale; but we fortunately get in exactly two minutes before a train stops, and a comparatively early return to London is secured.

In looking back upon the afternoon's excursion, I find a few items to note which may be of service to future travellers. The key of Merstham Church is kept in the village, between the station and the church, and should be obtained on the way. If a visit to Chaldon only is contemplated the little town of Caterham will be found more convenient, and vehicles may be had there at reasonable fares. The drive from Caterham is almost as beautiful as the walk from Merstham, and "Murray" need not be read backwards.

ST. ALBANS.

THE modern traveller from London to St. Albans will conveniently, if unwittingly, follow the footsteps of a personage of whom it may safely be said that while few in England are so ignorant that they do not know her name, still fewer are so wise that they know anything more. The semi-fabulous deeds of Boadicea begin and end with a battle at St. Pancras and a massacre at Verulam. The name of Verulam is now lost in the modern name of St. Albans, if anything so ancient can even comparatively be called modern; and the fame of Battle Bridge is obscured in Pentonville-road and King's-cross, although this last appellation has been taken by some to refer to a victory of King Alfred himself.

But an equally convenient route is by Euston and the North-Western Railway through Watford. By this line the visitor will find himself deposited at the foot of the hill on which the Abbey stands, and within a few hundred yards of the most prominent relic of the Roman city. He will probably make for the Abbey at once, postponing his visit to the older if



EAST END OF ST. ALBANS ABBEY.

less interesting remains ; and crossing the river from which the ancient Verulam, or Gwerllan derived its name, he will ascend Holywell-hill, remarking, as he passes, the lane which leads on the right to the ruins of Sopwell Nunnery, where flourished the strong-minded Prioress, Juliana Berners, of sporting and heraldic celebrity. If he wishes for something to occupy his mind during the ascent, he may discuss with himself the truth of the story by which the name is accounted for, and wonder if the first two sisters did really sop their dry bread in the waters of the holy well. The street is uninteresting, few of the houses being ancient ; and after the first view of the Abbey, which is obtained from the railway station, there is little to attract until a narrow passage on the left suddenly reveals the glories of the east end, the Lady-chapel, the south transept, the great tower, and, as if purposely to contrast with the ruddy tones of the ancient brickwork, a magnificent cedar, renewing its youth in a green and flourishing old age. The Decorated windows of the Lady-chapel, although unglazed and dilapidated, the flat Roman tile of which the walls are built, the heavy Norman arches, and the general absence of pinnacles or flying buttresses, all give a singular character to the building, and will impress the beholder with a sense of the real unity of the heterogeneous pile. There is, notwithstanding the prevalent decay, a business-like air about it all. Strength, massiveness, completeness, were the objects of the builders,—not ornament.

The abbots were too busy with politics, the monks too busy with literature, to have time to spend on mere frivolity; and if this impression is not fully borne out by a further examination of the church, it is at least one which will be shared in at the first sight by almost every visitor.

Passing through an archway which leads from the south side to the north between the sanctuary on the left and the Lady-chapel on the right—a modern arrangement similar to that by which Wolsey's Chapel is divided from the choir at St. George's at Windsor—a lane which leads back to the street will be reached, and a fine view obtained of the most remarkable feature of the Abbey; for almost without end toward the west stretches, arch after arch, bay after bay—first Norman then Early English—the long-drawn perspective of the nave. The north closely resembles the south transept, both being mainly of Norman construction, and both having an immense Perpendicular window at the end. A good view of the same side may be obtained by entering an archway adjoining a baker's shop in George-street, on the left hand, after leaving the market-place, into which the visitor will have emerged from the passage. An ancient tower formerly stood opposite the street entrance to this passage, and marked the site of the royal palace of Kingsbury; but the clock tower itself has been utterly restored within the last few years, and presents nothing but its name to interest the archæologist. In order to walk round the Abbey

before visiting the interior, it will be necessary to pass through George-street from the market-place, and descending a hill to reach the open space at the western extremity of the church, which still goes by the suggestive name of Rome Land.

Passing between the churchyard of the Abbey on the left, and a triangular piece of ground—also a cemetery—on the right, the road leads through the only portion of the Abbey buildings which remains. It is an Early English gateway, surmounted by a Perpendicular building which for centuries had been used as a prison, but is now the site of King Edward the Sixth's Grammar-school, removed from the Lady-chapel, which it had long desecrated—a good thing in the wrong place. The bibliographical visitor will perhaps stop here to see the Caxtons unearthed in an old cupboard in the chapel by Mr. Blades in 1857; otherwise he will pursue his way towards the east, along a narrow path between the grassy mounds which mark the site of the cloisters, the chapter-house, the refectory, the dormitories, and all the other buildings of a great monastery, of which now not a vestige remains. Dr. Stukeley tells of their destruction in 1722, and a drawing or two at the British Museum and the Society of Antiquaries testify to their greatness. The marks of the roofing of the cloisters remain in the south wall of the nave, and the rest of the buildings which were as usual placed around them. From the top of the great tower, and especially in dry weather, their plan may

be traced by the colour of the grass and the general direction of the mounds which mark their site. The great length of the nave, at this side chiefly of pointed work, shows well from the cloister; and the low building in front of the south transept recalls the chapel of St. Blaize at Westminster Abbey, and points to the site of the chapter-house. The path leads under the turrets of the transept to the east side, where it reaches the foot of the yew-tree already mentioned near the Lady-chapel, and the door by which at present the church is usually entered. This was the door of the sacristy, which lay parallel to the south transept, but has now entirely disappeared.

Once within the Abbey a feeling of despair comes over the visitor. The impossibility of noticing everything worthy of notice, the vastness of the edifice, the seemingly puny efforts of modern art to rival or even to sustain the wonders of old time, the memories which crowd upon the brain, and the mere physical fatigue induced by traversing the long aisles and ascending the almost inaccessible tower, —all these produce a confusion of mind from which it takes some time to rally. The present building or collection of buildings began to be made in the days of Eadmer, the ninth Abbot, towards the close of the tenth century. He collected materials for rebuilding the church of Offa; and he seems to have set the example, so extensively followed in later times, of using the materials of the Roman Verulam for the construction of the English abbey. But it was

not until the incumbency of Paul, the first Norman Abbot, that any part of the present building was begun, and carried out so effectually that the tower, the transepts, and the easternmost bays of the nave, attest his industry to this day. Some of the pillars in the transepts present features usually assigned to the semi-mythical Saxon period of our architecture, but it is hardly possible that these are part of the materials either of an older building or of the collections of Eadmer. The most prominent interior defect is the want of vaulting; for although in parts a barrel vault, and in others a wooden arched roof are to be seen, the flat ceiling, or boarding, of the latest period, is unsatisfactory in the extreme. The mediæval builders were probably aware, that notwithstanding the great thickness of the walls, the material of which they were constructed and the method of construction pursued would not bear the thrust of a heavy vaulting; and their fears are justified by the very insecure appearance now of the south wall of the nave, with its beautiful Early English and Decorated details. It is the eastern end, with its chapels and its sanctuary, which has suffered most in the lapse of ages. The chapels are gone; a public path crosses behind the altar; the Lady-chapel has been till lately a grammar-school; and of the magnificent marble shrine of the saint himself nothing remains but the marks in the floor of the sockets of the marble pillars by which it was elevated to such a height that it might be seen even

from the high altar of the choir and over the lofty screen.* The glory of all this has departed, and much else that was glorious with it; yet it must not be supposed that St. Albans suffered at the dissolution a tithe of the destruction which fell upon Malmesbury, or Glastonbury, or Woburn. Sir William Petre, of whom we have given some account in our notes of a visit to Ingatestone, was associated with Thomas Leigh, another commissioner of Henry VIII. and his minister, Cromwell; to whom, no doubt, much of the destruction commonly attributed to another Cromwell and his Ironsides, properly belongs. They report that, having visited St. Albans Abbey during the absence of the Abbot in London, they summoned him before them, and endeavoured to persuade him to surrender. He seems to have been very unwilling to do so, and said he would rather have to beg his bread all the days of his life. However, whether his resolution failed, or whether he was tempted by handsome offers, he at length, as we know, surrendered peacefully, was well pensioned, and afterwards himself became by purchase the possessor of the ancient precincts, finally yielding them to Queen Mary, in contemplation of her intention of restoring him as Abbot and renewing the greatness of the Abbey. This intention was never carried out, but the church was saved. Its destruction had almost begun. The first

* Several portions have been recovered since these lines were written.

grantee of the site had pulled down the parish church of St. Andrew, which stood on the north side in the churchyard, as St. Margaret's yet stands at Westminster; and but for Boreman's timely interference all would also have been ruined.

The Abbey of St. Albans is itself so closely wound up with our national history, that any detailed account of it would be a mere cento from the chronicles. Yet, viewed from various points, it will be found a curious and instructive commentary. A series of scenes, more or less real, more or less authentic, more or less connected one with the other, are presented successively, whilst, like the hero of an old romance, the proto-martyr of Britain—or, as the monks seem usually to have called him, in defiance of history, the proto-martyr of England—comes into prominence over and over again, living or dying, dead, buried, or dug up again, until, by the mere force of reiteration, the story becomes true, if it wanted truth before, and the effects of the legend are greater than the subject of the legend itself. Tradition is a weak staff to lean upon; yet it was the tradition of five centuries upon which Offa II. was content to found his Abbey and establish his colony of Benedictines. Alban suffered in the fourth century, when, according to the St. Albans Chronicle, in MS. at Lambeth, quoted by Dr. Nicholson, “was gret persecution of Christen pepell by the tyrant Diocletian.” Amphibalus, by whom he had been converted, was put to death at

Redbourne, not far off, and his relics, having been discovered in the reign of Henry II., were brought to the Lady-chapel and interred near those of the friend from whom he had been separated for seven hundred years or more. Gildas and Bede are the earliest historians by whom St. Alban is mentioned. All the more minute particulars of his martyrdom must be apocryphal. Tradition says that the exact spot on which he suffered was where the north transept now stands, and that a tablet was placed on the wall of the Roman city in the valley below detailing the crime and the punishment as a warning to future offenders. That his remains were not burnt according to the Roman rule, but were buried where he fell, we owe to the piety of his disciples: that they were discovered hidden under the turf—"sub cespite diu absconditum," as Matthew Paris puts it—must be acknowledged a miracle. Nor was his martyrdom the last which his city witnessed. An interval of twelve hundred and fifty-three years and two months separates it from that of George Tankerville, who, under the *régime* of Bishop Bonner, was burnt alive on the triangular plot of land to westward of the Abbey, and in front of the Abbey gateway of which we have already spoken. His persecutors no doubt took care that no future Offa should discover his remains; but when the flames which consumed him died out, with them died the last hope of restoring the system whose splendid results, towering above and around

his stake, must have seemed hateful to his latest gaze. The spot on which he suffered reminds us of the scene of Hooper's execution at Gloucester; the same west window seems to look down on both, and the story of the Abbey of St. Mary resembles not distantly that of the Abbey of St. Alban, up to the point at which one became the seat of an episcopal see, and the other, less fortunate though not less deserving, became, by the generosity of a private individual, a parish church. Master Stump, a rich clothier of the town, bought it for £400 and presented it for ever to his fellow-parishioners of St. Andrews. The advowson was, until recent times, in private hands, but having been purchased by the late venerated rector, Dr. Nicholson, it was bequeathed to the see of Rochester.

The story of the relics of St. Alban is a typical example of what may be called the irony of history. According to one account, the body of the martyr was early transferred to Rome. According to a second, and equally good authority, it was removed to Cologne. According to a third, it was preserved at Ely. According to a fourth, it never left the scene of the martyrdom. All these accounts cannot be true, nor can all the minor legends which crop up here and there in the mediæval books. A correspondence which took place in the *Guardian* in 1871, threw some light on the subject, and from it I venture to epitomise the following notes on the shrine and relics.

We find then that, to take the earliest story first, the tomb of St. Alban was known at Verulam 125 years after his martyrdom, when it was visited by St. Germanus, who, it will be remembered, held a council at Verulam in 429 to combat the opinions of Pelagius. St. Germanus was presented with a portion of the relics as a token of gratitude for his exertions in healing the wounds of the British Church. These relics, according to Constantius, consisted only of a lump of earth saturated with the blood of the martyr. According to Molanus (*"Martyrologia Usuardi,"* Antwerp, 1583), they consisted of St. Alban's head and the upper portion of his body. Constantius is very minute in his description of a sod, "*in qua apparebat, cruore servato rubere, martyrum cædem, persecutore pallente.*" Now Constantius, we must bear in mind, was the contemporary of Germanus. His is the earliest authority for the martyrdom of St. Alban; but for the after-legend, it only proves that his tomb was shown at Verulam in the fifth century.

St. Germanus transported the relic, whatever it was, to Ravenna, where he died in 448, when it was removed to Rome. There is next a mention in 731 by Bede of the thaumaturgic powers of the martyr's tomb at Verulam, "to this very day." Next, in 793, Offa founded the Abbey; but the tomb was unknown and the bones lost. Sixty-two years of disturbance and war must be taken to account for so strange a fact. A dream was needed to reveal

the secret. Offa, at Bath, had the required dream, searched in a cemetery on the hill above Verulam, and, we are not surprised to hear, discovered there a body, which a miracle further identified as that of St. Alban. Offa surrounded the skull with a golden circlet, on which, in defiance of history, he wrote, "Hoc est caput Sancti Albani Anglorum proto martyris." The building of the Abbey went on from this with various interruptions for four hundred years. Meanwhile, the Empress Theophania, wife of Otho II., visited Rome in 989. She visited the shrines of SS. Peter and Paul, and was presented by the Pope with the relics of St. Alban, which St. Germanus had brought to Ravenna 550 years before. The following year she carried them with her to Mentz, where, by the advice of the Archbishop, she changed her saint's name to *Albinus*, there being already another St. Alban in the neighbourhood. She went on to Cologne, where she finally deposited the relics with the Order of St. Pantaleon, and, to use the words of Dr. Back, in his *Heilige Köln*, as we have them translated by Mr. Rabbetts, "according to the venerable traditions of the St. Pantaleon's Order, the relics which are enshrined in the above-mentioned magnificent shrine were no doubt always considered and adored as the earthly remains of that martyr St. Alban who had obtained the palm of martyrdom, as the first martyr and Christian hero of the faith on English soil at Verula, in England, Hardfordshire (Hertfordshire),

at the time of the Emperor Diocletian, about the year 303." Now, as to the rest of the story of the English relics.

In the tenth century, according to Matthew Paris, St. Albans was visited by the Danes and the relics carried to Denmark, where they were for some time venerated in an abbey of Black Monks, till, by a special intervention of the saint himself, they were restored to the country "where he shed his blood for Christ." (*Vitæ Abbatum*, p. 992.) At the time of the Norman Conquest (here we quote from Mr. King's letter) "the relics of St. Alban were, it was asserted, removed to Ely for greater security. The *Liber Eliensis* declares that they were never restored, and that they always formed one of the treasures of Ely. Matthew Paris asserts that the Abbot of St. Albans concealed the true relics in the wall of his own church (whence they were removed and enshrined when the country had become safer), and substituted for them some ordinary bones, which were sent in all honour to Ely.

"At the later translation, in the reign of Henry III., the bones of the martyr were carefully numbered, and, with the exception of one small relic which was known to be in Spain, were found perfect. This was done because 'quoddam Collegium in Dacia'—no doubt the Benedictine monastery to which the Danish plunderers had carried the relics—and also the monastery of Ely, 'mendaciter asserebant' that they were in possession of the

true remains (Matthew Paris, *Vitæ Abbatum*, p. 1010)."

Next, we read in the St. Albans Chronicle the relics were carried round the town in 1429, together with the shrines of two other saints, "when the weather, which had been cloudy and dark, became bright and clear as soon as the reliquary was borne forth, though the day following was marked by a hail-storm."* In 1431 the same means were taken to produce a contrary effect, and with equal success. And so on, until the dissolution. We must now return to Cologne, with Dr. Nicholson, who went to visit the shrine in that city. We quote from Mr. Lloyd:—

"In 1850 the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, rector of the Abbey, read a paper [afterwards printed] before the Architectural and Archæological Society of St. Alban, in which he said that the above statement had raised in him a desire to pursue some inquiry into the subject, and he proceeded to narrate how, after consulting many ponderous folios for histories of the saint, he had lately remained a day at Cologne, and had been permitted to see in St. Mary's Church that shrine whose roof, gables, and sides he describes as having upon them numerous figures, &c., in silver-gilt, and also thirty-three Latin verses, two of them being those quoted by Mr. Thompson."

* Riley's *Chron. Mon. S. Alb.*, p. 36.

Mr. R. J. King has thus summed up the questions at issue :—

“All that can be said is, that the remains sent to Cologne by the Empress Theophania were probably as genuine as those so long revered in their magnificent shrine at St. Albans. It is possible that Offa, digging in the neighbourhood of Verulamium, may have lighted on an ancient sepulchre containing human remains. The belief that any relics so discovered were those of St. Alban rests on evidence altogether ‘*supra historicam*.’

“Messrs. Buckler, in their account of St. Albans, assert that the relics contained in the shrine were carried to Rome after the dissolution; and that they are still preserved there.”

So that if the real relics are anywhere they are at St. Albans; the relics found by Offa perhaps at Rome; those carried away by Germanus at Ravenna; those presented to Theophania at Cologne.

Fragments of the shrine itself have been found during the progress of the work of restoration, built into various modern walls, and have been replaced where they formerly stood.

I return to the history of the Abbey itself. Many remarkable events of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries took place at St. Albans.

It was here in 1357, and afterwards, that the Black Prince lodged his royal captive, during the incumbency of Abbot de la Mare; and the story of the concealment of treasure by Sir John de Molins,

of which I spoke in my chapters on "London Four Centuries Ago" (p. 87), probably relates to the same Abbot. Here, in 1381, Jack Straw and his followers besieged the monks. Here the first conspiracy against Richard II. was hatched at the table of Abbot de la Motte. Here the Duke of Lancaster and the King lodged on the way to the deposition scene at Westminster; while the bold Bishop who protested against Henry's usurpation was here committed to the Abbot's custody; and, not long after, the Abbot attended the funeral of Richard at King's Langley, and was buried himself within the year. Here, forty-six years later, "good" Duke Humphrey was buried. From the eastern gallery of the tower the monks watched anxiously in 1455, while the battle in the Key Field, near the Sopwell Nunnery, was decided against the family of their patron: they could see the wounded creeping down to the river to quench their burning thirst and wash their wounds, and their companions searching the town till the King was captured in the house of Sir Edmund Westby, bailiff and tanner. But in 1459 the same King comes in state to St. Albans, and, having been the guest of the Abbot during the Easter week, leaves his best gown to the Prior as a present. Once more at least was he at St. Albans, this time to be again captured, but by his own party. The battle was fought at Bernard's Heath, beyond St. Peter's Church, on a snowy Shrove Tuesday, in 1461; and the King, Queen, and Prince of Wales

attended at the Abbey on Ash Wednesday, not for humiliation, but to give thanks for their victory. Yet the Queen did not prevent her army from sacking the Abbey immediately after, and the Abbot and monks, who had previously favoured the Lancastrians, beheld with pleasure the proclamation of Edward IV. in the following month. Between the date of the two battles the tomb of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester was made, in a place of honour, close to the shrine of St. Alban himself, and surmounted by the care of Abbot Wheathampstead with sculptured canopies and delicate carving, which far surpass those of his own monument in the choir. The coffin of Duke Humphrey may be viewed through a grated door, but the curious fresco, or distemper painting rather, which formerly decorated the wall, is almost obliterated.

But it is chiefly for its services to literature that St. Albans deserves well of the men of this generation. It was early a seat of learning; and retained its reputation until after the invention of printing. Abbot Ælfric, in the reign of King Edgar, translated parts of the Old Testament into the vernacular, and left among other writings a Latin and Saxon Glossary. He became Archbishop of Canterbury in 995, and died in 1005. A long succession of names represent the men who in after ages sustained the honour of the *genius loci* which he had evoked. Such were another Ælfric, the eleventh Abbot; Robert de Gorham, who is said to have refused ad-

mission to one Nicholas Breakspere, on account of the insufficiency of his learning, although this was that Nicholas who afterwards reached at Rome the Chair of St. Peter and remains as Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever sat in it; Symon, who is best known by his connection with Becket, and who repaired and enlarged the *scriptorium*, and built a library adjoining the south aisle of the nave; Wallingford, the clockmaker, twenty-eighth Abbot; above all, Wheathampstead, in whose incumbency the *scriptorium* attained its highest excellence, upwards of eighty books having been transcribed in his time; and Wallingford, under whose patronage a press was set up, and the first book printed at St. Albans as early as 1483. As might be expected this was a chronicle, for the Abbey had always been famous for its chroniclers; and Matthew Paris, William Rishanger, Thomas Walsingham, Roger Wendover, John of Tynemouth, and Thomas Ramrydge, afterwards Abbot, were all historians, whom modern historians can well afford to honour. Of all, the first is the most remarkable. Matthew, the chronicler, according to recent researches, was Matthew Paris, and though a distinction has been made between him and another Matthew, surnamed of "Westminster," it seems probable now that there was only one Matthew, and that he was the monk of St. Albans of whom we speak. His own original manuscript is in the British Museum,* and contains his

* Royal MS. 14. c. vii.

portrait, representing him as kneeling before the Blessed Virgin and her Son. He is in the monastic dress, and over his head his name is written in Latin. The book contains a history of England from 1067 to 1253, almost entirely in the handwriting of Matthew himself. John of Basingstoke was a deacon of St. Albans; and Nicholas, a chaplain, was the assistant of Grosseteste; indeed, a list of the literary men who flourished here would alone occupy all our space.

Attempts have been made to trace the fate of the great library which must have accumulated here before the dissolution. Many of the books have been identified. In the British Museum, in the Bodleian, in private collections, these old treasures are now scattered about to tell both of the industry and of the taste of the St. Albans Scriptorium. Of all these books there are few more interesting than a folio volume in the National Library, part of the famous Cottonian collection. Like the rest of Sir Robert Cotton's books it is classified by the name of one of the Twelve Cæsars, and is best known to antiquarians under the title of Nero D. 7. It contains a catalogue of benefactors to the Abbey who had been admitted to the fraternity of St. Alban before the year 1463, together with their portraits, painted in a rough but effective style. The greater part of the book was compiled by Thomas Walsingham in 1380, but there are additions which bring it down a hundred years later. In a list of the

abbots we have portraits, more or less conjectural of the early ones, and some very elaborate paintings representing Abbot Wheathampstead, and of two of the others. But most of the pictures are not so highly finished. One of them, which shows us Abbot John of Berkhamstede, who appears in some way to have offended his monks, is very curious. The following is a translation of what the biographer tells us about him :—*

“ Since he did nothing memorable in his life we shall place nothing respecting him in the present page; but we warn the reader that he be converted to works of piety, and pour forth prayers to the Omnipotent for his soul.” One would hardly gather from this that Abbot John had been so distinguished for his efforts to emancipate the monks from the King’s control; and the picture represents him not only with a deplorable countenance, but in an attitude admirably expressive of remorse.

It is curious to note, regarding this picture, that though it was painted so many centuries ago, we know the name of the painter, and several other circumstances relating to the history of the book. In a list of the monks at that time in the abbey we are told of Thomas de Walsingham that he “ compiled this book and procured from John de Bedingham and Christiana his wife seven marks of

* Some further particulars regarding Abbot John of Berkhamsted will be found at p. 204.

money for the work of the new gate." His success in begging is thus put to his credit. A little further on we have the name of the scribe who wrote the book out fair: it was "Willelmus de Wylum." And near the end we have the illuminator's name. He seems to have done more than merely work himself. We read of him, "Alan Strayler worked much upon the painting of this book, and gave three shillings and four pence, which was owed to him for colours." Alan adds a little couplet in rhyming Latin expressive of his satisfaction, and of his pious hope that with the celestial choirs he may be everlastingly associated. Beside the verses he favours the reader with his likeness. This book came by some means into the possession of Queen Mary; it was next owned by the great Lord Verulam, Francis Bacon, whose residence and whose grave are not beyond the sound of the Abbey bells. He gave it in 1623 to Sir Robert Cotton, and it happily escaped the fire which destroyed so many of its companions.

The monastery, notwithstanding the mollifying influence of the arts, oppressed the town with an iron hand. Twice during the eighteen years of Eversden's incumbency was the Abbey besieged by the burghers. They gained by the King's special interference some alleviation of their bondage, but even the strong rule of Edward III. was unable to prevent Wallingford from resuming the charter, and forbidding the town even to send its representatives

to Parliament. The pride, too, of these spiritual peers is constantly evinced in their contests for the precedence accorded to them by Adrian IV., and the rivalry and jealousy of the Abbot of the royal foundation of Westminster. Another questionable feature is the importance of an officer whose very existence is capable of a sinister construction. Time after time was the Cellarer elected Abbot; nay, John de la Moote, one of the most eminent of the line, when Cellarer, before his election, was put into the stocks, as we read, at Luton, by Philip de Limburg, in hatred to the Abbot and “utter contempt of religion.”

The history of the Abbey after the dissolution offers few features of interest. The general absence of seventeenth-century tombs and of eighteenth-century tablets is worthy of remark. A few flat stones commemorate parochial officers; but the monuments, after the brasses, or their marks on so many graves, have been examined, leave hardly anything of note. Of the later inscriptions which occur perhaps the most remarkable is that of John Jones, Master of the Grammar-school, which was as follows:—*
 “Here lies John Jones, a Welshman, Master of the School of St. Albans, a most learned man, who when this church was repaired in 1684 at the public expense, carved for himself also a monument

* H. S. E. Iohannes Iones Wallus, Scholæ S. Albanensis Hypodidscalus literatissimus, qui dum ecclia. hæc Ao. 1684

for that he wrote 'The Fane of St. Alban,' a poem in heroic verse, which will last longer than this slab, than even this building or the very age itself." Another has often been quoted for its quaintness:—
 "In memory of Thomas Sheppard, son of Thos. and Mary Sheppard, died Feb. y^e 15th 1766 Aged xxx years.

"Great was my Grief, I could not Rest,
 God called me hence, He thought it best;
 Unhappy marriage was my fate :
 I did repent when it was too late."

And one or two of the Abbots' tombs still bear part at least of their brass inlaying: among them are a couple of fragmentary inscriptions. On a stone in the sanctuary is the brass of Robert Beauner, a monk, with the words from the fifty-first psalm, "Cor mundum in me crea Deus"—"Create a clean heart in me, O God," and a short epitaph stating the date of his death, 1470, and the fact that for forty years he had filled various minor offices in the abbey. Not far off is another stone, from which everything has been torn except the scroll which issued from the mouth of a vanished monk, whose figure, as may be seen by the marks of the brass, once knelt at the foot of a crucifix by which stood

publicis impensis instauraretur exsculpsit sibi quoq. monumentum quod inscripsit "Fanum S. Albani" poema carmina heroico, hoc lapide, hâc etiam æde, ævoq. perennius omni.
 —Objt Ao. 1686.

the Virgin and St. John. On the scroll is this verse from an old hymn of the Sarum Breviary:—

“Salva Redemptor plasma Tuum nobile,
Signatum Sancto vultus Tui lumine,
Nec lacerari sinas fraude dæmonum
Propter quos mortis exsolvisti pretium ;”

which may be translated—

“Save, Lord, the work Thy hands have wrought,
The face illumined by Thy smiles ;
Nor suffer those Thy blood has bought
To perish through the devil's wiles.”

Near these are the despoiled gravestones of Abbot Stoke, Abbot John of Berkhamsted, and of another Abbot who cannot now be identified, although the inscription remains, for it runs thus :—

“Hic quidem terra tegitur, peccati solvens debitum,
Cui nomen non imponitur, in libro vitæ sit conscriptum.”

It is hardly possible to give the beauty of these lines in an English version, but the following attempt has been made :—

One here is laid, who dying paid
In death the debt of sin ;
His name, not here, may yet appear
The Book of Life within.

According to Mr. Haines it is the brass of Abbot John Moote. Royalists were imprisoned here, as appears from a name cut upon the wall of the *sacrarium*, “Hugh Lewis souldier in his Ma^{ies} army taken prisoner at Ravensfield, Northamptonshire, June 1645.”

The repairs contemplated, and in part already carried out, are of a very thorough kind. The great tower, 140 feet in height, and open to the church almost from roof to floor, was in a tottering condition. The Roman bricks of which it is built, or rather heaped up, have yielded to the weight of two thousand years, and a settlement at the southern side threatened its very existence. The fees for viewing the church go to increase the fund; but they are so moderate, and the number of visitors so small, that little appreciable influence is exerted on the total sum required. The whole, or nearly the whole, of the church has been covered with white-wash, and its removal, and the restoration of the ancient painted plaster work, is an expensive process. The walls of the south aisle lean perceptibly outward; and though something might be done by buttressing to remedy their inclination, yet the unity of the building would be seriously compromised, and Sir Gilbert Scott may have no choice but to pull down and rebuild the whole side. The chief repairs provided since the Abbey became a parish church have been of a temporary character. James I., it is true, took an interest in the place, but his exertions were of the vicarious kind which he usually employed. He took much credit to himself for the translation of the Bible, for which others had to pay; and at St. Albans, though he granted leave to his Queen and her maids to search in the ruins for treasure, his chief con-

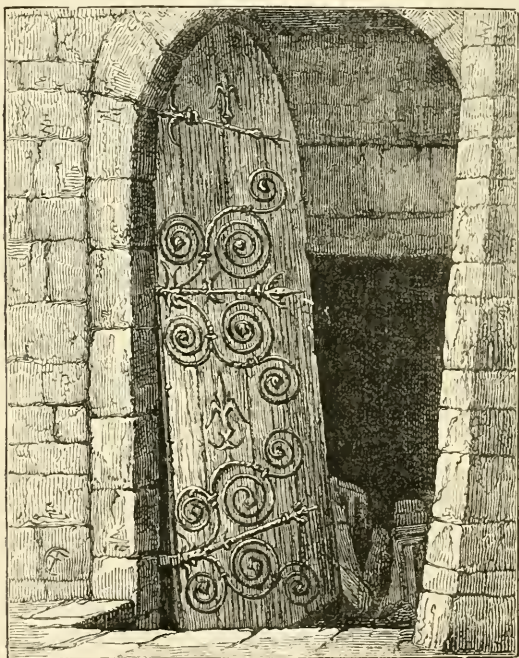
tribution towards the repairs was a brief permitting his subjects to subscribe.

Much permanent benefit may be expected to result from the repairs, so far, carried out. But it is impossible not to regret that the look of antiquity should in any way be rubbed off. When we look at the delicate iridescence and rich hues with which the old bricks seem to be coloured, at the creeping lichens and many-toned weather-stains which lend a harmonious and subtle tinting to the venerable walls and crumbling stones, we feel a kind of trembling hope that the architect will deal tenderly with the ancient pile, and perhaps, for old times' sake,

“ Be to its faults a little blind,
And to its failings not unkind.”

In the town of St. Albans the visitor will find little to interest him. The absence of ordinary sanitary arrangements will remind him of the state of many picturesque continental cities; but here it is the more unpleasant, from the want of the compensating attractions. Yet a walk should be taken through the market-place to St. Peter's Church, half of which, with the tombs of those who fell at Bernard's Heath and the Key Field, the knights and mighty men of old, was destroyed during the prevalence of an improving mania in the early years of the present century. A long street leads past Rome Land and the Abbey gate down to the river's edge and up the opposite slope to St. Michael's Church, whose

quaint half-timbered gables and flint walls derive a double interest from the tomb of Francis, Lord Verulam and Viscount of St. Albans, which they contain. On leaving the grave of Bacon, the visitor should descend to the river again, and, keeping on its right bank by a footpath, should see the remains of a Roman wall and the marks of Roman fortifications in the meadows on his way, and so return to



DOORWAY, NORTH TRANSEPT, ST. ALBANS ABBEY.

the station. We were at St. Albans in the early autumn, and at this season such a walk should by no means be omitted. The gleam of the setting sun on the tower of the Abbey, and the ruddy glow with which the old brickwork answers back, the dark green of the elms lower on the hill, the shadows creeping across the meadows by the river and gradually rising to the Abbey itself, all go to form a picture not easily forgotten ; and so the weary sightseer is whirled back towards London through the cornfields and pastures of Hertfordshire, and finds himself repeating half-unconsciously the misspelt motto on Abbot Wheathampstead's tomb :—*Valles habundabunt.*

THE END.

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